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SLIGHT REMINISCENCES OF  
A SEPTUAGENARIAN.

LONDON

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SLIGHT REMINISCENCES  
OF  
A SEPTUAGENARIAN

FROM 1802 TO 1815

B2398

BY

EMMA SOPHIA COUNTESS BROWNLOW



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LONDON

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET

1867



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TO  
*THE EARL OF CARNARVON.*

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Dear Lord Carnarvon,

It was you who first suggested to me that I should collect and put in writing some of my remembrances of persons and events that passed before me more than half a century ago, in the days of my youth; and in its progress you have kindly encouraged me in my little attempt at authorship.

The slight work being now completed, I hope you will still further extend your kindness by allowing it to appear under the sanction of your name.

Believe me, dear Lord Carnarvon, with sincere regard,

Yours very truly,

E. S. BROWNLOW.





## PREFACE.

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**I** am now an old woman, and having lived in stirring times from my youth, and most of my contemporaries having dropped around me, I am also an old chronicle with the memories of bygone days still fresh in my mind.

Some of my friends have expressed a wish that I should commit to paper my recollections of public events that

I witnessed, and of eminent persons who figured in those events, and with whom circumstances made me acquainted. I will try to do so, and the occupation will, I think, give interest to many a lonely hour.

*April, 1866.*



# ERRATUM.

Page 140, line 12, *for* took refuge *read* came to.

Brownlow's Reminiscences.





SLIGHT REMINISCENCES  
OF A  
SEPTUAGENARIAN.

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**L**ATELY I was asked: 'What is the first political event you remember?' I answered, 'The proclamation of the Peace of Amiens in the year 1802.' But on reflection, I find that my memory takes me back to the year 1798, the year after the mutiny in the fleet, when I saw a procession of boats rowing, and on

inquiring what they were doing, was told they were flogging some mutineers round the ships in Plymouth Sound. The horror of this was increased, and impressed on my child-mind by hearing that the toast of these wretched men had been 'A dark night, a sharp knife, and a bloody blanket.' For many a night I went to my bed in fear and trembling.

1802.

The Peace of 1802 brought, I suppose, many French to England; but I only remember one, the celebrated Madame Recamier, who created a sensation, partly by her beauty, but still more by her dress, which was vastly unlike the unsophisticated style and *poke* bonnets of the English women. She appeared in

Kensington Gardens *à l'antique*, a muslin gown clinging to her form like the folds of the drapery on a statue ; her hair in a plait at the back, and falling in small ringlets round her face, and greasy with *huile antique* ; a large veil thrown over the head completed her attire, that not unnaturally caused her to be followed and stared at.

As the Continent was now again open to travellers, my mother was advised to go to Spa for the benefit of her health. Troops of English arrived there. The Duchess of Gordon and Lady Georgiana Gordon, Lord and Lady Conyngham, Lord and Lady Bradford, Mr. and Lady Charlotte Greville, Mr. and Lady Susan Ryder (afterwards Lord and Lady Harrowby), &c., &c., and many water drinkers and pleasure seekers from

Russia, Poland, and France. The latter country contributed a Revolutionary, ill-famed celebrity, the odious Barras! I fancy I see him now, with his ignoble figure, and his lowering bad countenance: as far as my recollection goes, always alone, and looking as if he felt that every one knew who he was and what he was. I believe I must have been a moralising, impressionable child, from the effect the sight of this man always produced upon me. But enough of Barras, and enough of Spa, for although innumerable remembrances of things that interested me at the time rise before me, they are not worth setting down; so I will take myself to Frankfort, where we arrived during the great autumnal fair, and where we remained a fortnight. My father and mother found but few ac-

quaintances ; amongst them were the Stadtholder and his wife, the Princess of Orange *née* a princess of Prussia, and their son and his wife (also a princess of Prussia, sister of the reigning king) who afterwards became king and queen *des Pays-Bas*.

In 1802 the Jews were still obliged to live in one part of the town, and my sister, our governess and I, walking round the Boulevards, lost our way, and found ourselves *dans le quartier juif*, from which we were most glad to escape, as we were surrounded, and almost mobbed, by a peculiarly unprepossessing, unpleasing set of people, who seemed inclined to be impertinent.

From Frankfort we went to Louisberg, the summer residence of the Duke of Wurtemberg, as my father and mother

wished to pay their respects to the Duchess, our Princess Royal. Nothing could exceed the kindness shown them. Carriages were sent to take them about the park, and they and Mr. Mercer (who was travelling with us) dined both days of their stay at the palace. On the last day my sister and I were sent for to pass the afternoon with two young ladies brought up by H. R. H., and in the evening we joined the party in the drawing room. The Duke was playing whist at a table made to admit him, as his size and form could not have approached near enough to a common straight table. His face was handsome, but there was something suspicious and not agreeable in his countenance. He seemed to be watching the Duchess and trying to hear what passed between her and my father and

mother. H. R. H. was also very large but not in the same way, being shapeless and like a figure made of snow. She had a pleasant, good-humoured face, without any pretensions to beauty. Her habits and dress were peculiar. She rose about six o'clock, and made her toilet for the whole day. When I saw her, she wore on her head a turban of some soft material, with her hair frizzed and powdered. The Duke's two sons were absent, but his daughter, afterwards the wife of Jerome Bonaparte, king of Westphalia, was at home. She too was fat, with a handsome face.

\* \* \* \* \*

Rumours of war—which shortened our tour—took us to Paris instead of to Rome. . . We went one morning to see a sight seen I imagine by few English

now alive; Bonaparte, le Premier Consul, reviewing his troops in the Place du Carrousel! An acquaintance my father had made (I forget who), gave us admittance into a room on the *rez-de-chaussée* of the Tuileries, and for nearly two hours the great man passed and repassed before the windows close to us. He was attended by Rustan, his favourite Mameluke, in his national costume; and le Prince Eugène de Beauharnois, the son of Josephine, was there, commanding I think the light cavalry; but my eyes and attention were riveted on Bonaparte. He was then thin, and his figure appeared to be *mesquin*; but how grand was his face, with its handsome features, its grave and stern and somewhat melancholy expression! A face, once seen, never to be forgotten. It fascinated and

acted upon me like a rattlesnake, for, though a mere child, I felt all the English horror of the man, and yet could not look at him without admiration mixed with awe.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was the month of November, and cold weather, and therefore the walking dress of the majority of the women surprised us not a little. It consisted of a gown *très-décolletée*, and extremely short-waisted, with apparently only *one* garment under it ; this gown they held up so as to discover one *jambe*, a shawl hung over the shoulders, the feet *chaussés* in their slippers, no bonnet or cap, and the curls on each side of the face greasy with *huile antique*.

\* \* \* \* \*

Left Paris and arrived at my father's

villa on Ham Common, near Richmond, in December. Soon after, we were all honoured by an invitation from Queen Charlotte to a Christmas ball given by H. M. at Frogmore, for Princess Charlotte, who was then a gay sprightly child, with fair hair, blue eyes, and pretty features, but a rather muddled skin without colour. The King, Queen, and all the royal family were so kind and good-natured, that it was impossible to see a happier or merrier set of children than we were. I remember the Prince of Wales carrying about my brother Ernest's hat, which he had left in the most unceremonious manner on his knee.

1803.

In A.D. 1803, war was declared and invasion threatened by Bonaparte, which

aroused all the national patriotism, and volunteer corps were everywhere formed. Even Ham Common boasted its squad, in which our coachman and a footman figured. And they had their inspections and field-days, with other corps ; and we were all very proud, when they returned from one of these with laurel in their caps.

\* \* \* \* \*

1805.

My father and mother used to go for some weeks in the autumn to Mount Edgcumbe, leaving my sister, my youngest brother and me under the charge of our governess in the villa on Ham Common, where, with the exception of an occasional morning visit from some of my grandmother's old lady friends who lived in the neighbourhood, or a

delightful day or two passed with our kind uncle and aunt, Lord and Lady Castlereagh, at a villa they then had at East Shene, our life was almost conventual. Not a man in the house, and the front door chained and locked, we knew little or nothing of what was passing in the world beyond the Common.

Greatly, then, were we startled when, in the month of October this year, some one rushed in and said there had been a great naval victory; that the French and Spanish fleets were annihilated, but that Nelson was killed! On hearing which, to the utter astonishment of my governess and the others in the room, I fell down as if I had been shot. An astonishment that, on reflection, I felt also; for, as I had never seen Nelson, I could not account for such an effect

1806.

*A Septuagenarian.*

13

being caused by the announcement of his death.

\* \* \* \* \*

1806.

In January Pitt died ; then came on Lord Melville's trial, to which my sister and I were taken one day by my grandmother, my mother being too ill to go. It was a striking sight, and made a great impression on me. The Lord Chancellor (Erskine), the judges, the peers, all in their robes, the House of Commons and the Speaker ; at the bar Lord Melville, who was seated, surrounded by the counsel for and against him ; and in a sort of box near, the members of the House of Commons who were the managers of the trial. Amongst them were Sheridan, Whitbread, and Fox, who

I then saw for the first and only time. His form, features, and bushy eyebrows, I knew well from prints and caricatures; but his complexion struck me as very peculiar, and, as I said when I returned home, it was the colour that yellow crape would have stretched over black. He was then probably ill, for he died some weeks after, I think before the termination of the trial.

\* \* \* \* \*

In the following August, death came into our home! We lost our mother! She had been in bad health for some years, and had gone this summer to try the air of Tonbridge Wells; but, as is frequently the case in lingering illnesses, the end was sudden, and came like an unexpected shock.

My father removed with us, in the

course of a few weeks, to Mount Edgcumbe, and we never returned to the house on Ham Common, which was sold. From that time we passed our summers at Mount Edgcumbe. I was then just fifteen, my sister fifteen months younger, and the youngest of my three brothers only six.

\* \* \* \* \*

1807.

In the spring of this year, my father, hearing that the Princess of Wales was going to Plymouth, wrote to offer Mount Edgcumbe to H.R.H. during her stay in the neighbourhood. H.R.H. accepted the offer, and passed a fortnight there. Her suite consisted of Lady Hester Stanhope, Col. James Stanhope her brother, Admiral Sir Samuel and Lady

Hobd, Mrs. Fitzgerald, and little Billy Austin. I doubt whether my father knew the Princess personally at that time. He thought her an ill-used, slandered woman. Some years afterwards he changed his opinion, from anecdotes he heard from an eye-witness of her conduct while at Mount Edgumbe.

The beauty of Mount Edgumbe, and its neighbourhood to Plymouth and the dockyard, attracted most of the principal foreigners who came to England. Amongst the first I remember was a Pope's Nuncio, on his way from Portugal to South America. He was brought by Count Souza, the Portuguese Ambassador, and was accompanied by a large suite. The Nuncio himself was a fine dignified-looking old man, with a bene-

volent countenance, but the suite were a most grubby, dirty set; and the chaplain or *aumônier* wore a hat like Basilio's, in 'Figaro,' and had his spectacles tied round his head with pack thread; which terribly taxed the risible muscles of my sister and self—then very young girls. The last English ground the Nuncio trod was that of the private landing place at Mount Edgumbe, from which he went to the ship, in Plymouth Sound, which was to take him on his long voyage.

\* \* \* \* \*

On the 26th of December, my excellent grandmother died. She was a grand old woman — high-minded, high-mannered, with an intellect of the highest order, and a heart young and warm to the last.

\* \* \* \* \*

1809.

Early in 1809 came the news of the battle of Corunna, the death of Sir John Moore, and the embarkation of the English army. I remember the circumstances well. Lord Castlereagh had a large party at dinner, and in the middle of it his brother, Sir Charles Stewart, arrived with the despatches of the glorious yet disastrous victory. The dinner was followed by an evening party, at which I first saw Sir Arthur Wellesley, then Secretary for Ireland, and who came in quite ignorant of the important intelligence that awaited him. How well I recollect his coming into the room, and his being seized upon and taken to a window by Lady Grantham, from whom he first heard what had happened. The

general excitement that prevailed may be imagined.

\* \* \* \* \*

Our next foreign visitor at Mount Edgcumbe was the Hereditary Prince of Orange, who came on a tour during the long vacation at Oxford, attended by Baron Constant and a Mr. Johnstone. The Prince passed two nights at Mount Edgcumbe, and he was so pleasant, gay, and good-humoured, that we all liked him extremely. Fortunately Lord and Lady Hinchinbroke were staying with us, and Lord Brownlow and Mr. Henry Cust, having sent to ask to see the place, my father invited them to join our party, so we had an agreeable little society, and were all very merry. How strangely things turn out, and how little did I imagine at that time that this exiled

Prince would become King of Holland, or that I, after the lapse of many years, should be the third wife of Lord Brownlow !

\* \* \* \* \*

Prince Paul Esterhazy, afterwards Austrian Ambassador in England, was, as a young man, another of our foreign guests. A M. Major accompanied him. We had no party to meet him ; this, however, did not matter, for he was most gay and agreeable, and in after years often referred with pleasure to that commencement of our friendly intercourse.

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In October the jubilee of George the Third was celebrated. Plymouth and Devonport (then Plymouth Dock), and

\*

my father, as Lord Lieutenant of Cornwall, were not behindhand in demonstrations of loyalty. It was a bustling day for us, beginning with a distribution of meat and bread to the poor, on our way to church, after which we went to see the salutes from the ships, and then returned to the house to receive as many of our Cornish neighbours as it would hold. When it was dark, salutes were fired from all the batteries (our own included), followed by a *feu de joie* from the lines, all which looked beautiful from our windows. The whole concluded with a ball we gave, to which came admirals, generals, authorities, officers of the army and navy, and our friends in the neighbourhood. Lady Boringdon (since Lady Morley), recently married, made her first appearance at it, and from that time an

intimacy and friendship commenced which only ended with her life.

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1810-11.

Princess Amelia died on the 2nd of November, and soon after the poor King had a return of his fearful mental malady. Parliament was summoned, and the Prince of Wales was sworn in Regent in February, 1811. During the debates on the Regency question, my sister and I went on a visit to our aunt Lady Suffield at Bleckling, which she had inherited from my grandfather, Lord Buckinghamshire, and accompanied her and Lord Suffield to Gunton, his place, only five miles distant.

\* \* \* \* \*

My father had met the Princess of Wales several times at dinner at her mother's, the Dowager Duchess of Brunswick, and Her Royal Highness invited him, my sister and me to a ball at Kensington Palace, and frequently to others. I had scarcely ever seen the Princess, and hardly knew her by sight. At the time of which I speak, her figure was fat and somewhat shapeless; her face had probably been pretty in her youth, for her nose was well formed, her complexion must have been good, and she had bright blue eyes, but the expression of them was bold, which, however, might be partly caused by the quantity of rouge she wore. Her fair hair hung in masses of curls on each side of her throat, like a lion's mane. Everybody, before the peace with France,

dressed much according to their individual taste, and Her Royal Highness was of a showy turn ; her gowns were generally ornamented with gold or silver spangles, and her satin boots were also embroidered with them. Sometimes she wore a scarlet mantle, with a gold trimming round it, hanging from her shoulders, and as she swam, so attired, down an English dance, with no regard to the figure, the effect was rather strange. The parties themselves were marvellously heterogeneous in their composition. There were good people and very bad ; fine ladies and fine gentlemen ; hum-drums and clever people ; amongst the latter the Rev. Sydney Smith, who I thought looked out of place there. In consequence, I suppose, of my father's having lent Mount Edgcumbe to

H.R.H., she made rather a fuss with us, and we both always supped at her table. On one occasion I was much amused at seeing my father opposite to me, seated between the Duchess of Montrose and Lady Oxford! Sure never were there more incongruous supporters, and my father's countenance was irresistibly comic—perfectly grave, but with a slight curl at the corner of the mouth, which showed how he appreciated the absurdity of his position. ‘Methought,’ said he, as we drove home, ‘that I was Hercules between Virtue and Vice.’

\* \* \* \* \*

1812.

My sister married Mr. Macdonald of Clanronald in February.

\* \* \* \* \*

1813.

As this is neither a history nor a regular journal, but merely notes and reminiscences of persons and things that interested me, and were mostly also of general interest, I shall skip a year and resume my story in London, where we went in the middle of December 1813. Minds had become agitated and hopes had arisen from the continued reverses of the French army, pursued by the Allied forces even into France. Holland, too, had thrown off the French yoke on the 6th of this month, and had sent over a deputation to the Stadtholder in England, begging him to return, which he did instantly. This was the state of things when we came to London. A few days after our arrival, Lord and

Lady Castlereagh took me and my brother George to the play in the Prince Regent's box. Besides ourselves there were Count and Countess Lieven, and Count Pozzo di Borgo, who had just come to England. The three gentlemen frequently retired to converse in the room at the back of the box, but it was not till some time later that I knew the subject of their discussion, which was nothing less than that Lord Castlereagh should proceed to Chatillon to meet the ministers of the other great powers, and there enter into negotiations with Bonaparte. A friend of mine has told me that, speaking on this subject with Count Pozzo di Borgo, he said, '*J'ai dit à Lord Castlereagh, si vous pouvez ressusciter Pitt, envoyez-le, mais si cela n'est pas possible, venez vous-même.*'

When this was finally settled, Lady Castlereagh gave me the information, and at the same time delighted me and my brother Valletort, by asking us to accompany her and Lord Castlereagh. My father readily gave his consent, and we instantly began to make our small preparations, as in a very few days we were to begin our journey.

*Extracts from a Journal kept while in  
Holland.*

On the 26th we went down early on a foggy morning to St. James's Square, as eleven o'clock was the hour named for starting; but no Lord Castlereagh was there; he was in council with the other ministers. Lady Castlereagh, too, was sent for by the Princess Charlotte, with

whom she remained a long while, and was the bearer of a letter from the Princess to the Hereditary Prince of Orange, between whom and H.R.H. a marriage was in contemplation.

Hours passed, my father called to say good-bye again, the fog went on increasing, and Lord Castlereagh returned so late that it was settled we should have dinner before starting; so not till seven o'clock did we leave St. James's Square, and in a fog so intense that the carriages went at a foot's pace, with men holding flambeaux at the head of the horses. In this manner we proceeded to Rumford, a distance of ten miles, which we reached at eleven o'clock, and where we remained the night. The next morning we started early, breakfasted at Colchester, and arrived midday at

Harwich, the sun smiling upon us, but the wind, alas ! being against us. Our party consisted of Mr. Frederick Robinson and Mr. W. Montagu, as Lord Castlereagh's secretaries, Mr. Planta, his private secretary, Count Pozzo di Borgo in the diplomatic service of Russia, my brother Valletort, Mr. A. Stewart, first cousin of Lord Castlereagh, and myself. Captain Forbes, who commanded the 'Erebus,' the ship that was to take Lord Castlereagh to Helvoetsluys, met Lord Castlereagh at Harwich. The next day we went on board, but soon were becalmed, and for three days were obliged to anchor off the port. This was certainly vexatious, but the time passed pleasantly, as I had a great deal of conversation with Count Pozzo di Borgo, who was most agreeable, and interested

me much by his observations on Madame de Staël and Chateaubriand, and their writings. At last came a wind, ending in a gale, accompanied by heavy snows, and a frost so sharp, that the men were tumbling about on the deck. To add to our misfortunes, neither the captain nor the pilot knew the Dutch coast, so, for three wretched nights, the ship was anchored and tossed about in the open sea, and at one time we were in great peril, but happily the captain of the 'Nymphen' frigate, who happened to be shooting on the land, saw our danger, and sent a Dutch pilot to the rescue, and at length, on January 5, we landed in safety at Helvoetsluys.

From the 'Erebus' to the landing-place we went some distance in a boat, and as we passed a fort, it saluted Lord

Castlereagh. When the first gun was fired, I exclaimed, 'There was a shot in that gun.' A chorus of 'Pooh, nonsense,' greeted my observation. Bang went another gun, and whiz went another shot. Again I said, 'I am sure there was a shot.' More jeers greeted me; but Captain Forbes backed me, saying, 'Lady Emma is quite right; there was a shot.' And so there was to each gun. Fortunately they went over our heads instead of through them. What was the reason of this warlike salute I never heard; but possibly it was only to give a sharper sound to the report, which it certainly did.

Lord Castlereagh was received with acclamations by the inhabitants assembled on the pier, and the admiral conducted us to the Admiralty house: he and his

captain spoke with warmth of the prompt assistance their country had received from England during the late events.

*Thursday, 6th.*—Left Helvoetsluys as soon as it was possible to get horses for the carriages. At Brill Lord Castlereagh was received by the commanding officer and the magistrates, who conducted us to the principal inn, where refreshments were prepared. From Brill we crossed a small arm of the sea in a ferry-boat to the island of Rosenberg, over which we were jolted in a rough carriage to the second ferry, and landed at Maas-sluys, where we found Lord Clancarty's carriage, in which Lord and Lady Castlereagh and I proceeded to the Hague. The rest of the party were left at the Brill to come on with the carriages. We did not arrive at the

Hague till dark, and were surprised at finding ourselves ushered into a fine house belonging to a M. Schuylenbach de Bommenade, who had kindly offered to receive us till other accommodation could be procured. We dined with our ambassador, Lord Clancarty, where I had the pleasure of finding my old friend Lord Bradford. Lady Clancarty (first cousin of Lady Castlereagh) and her family had not yet arrived from England. In the evening we returned to our kind hosts.

*Friday, 7th.*—Lord Castlereagh and all the English gentlemen at the Hague dined with the Prince. M. and Madame de Schuylenbach invited a large party to dinner to meet Lady Castlereagh, who, as well as I, appeared in orange, which vastly pleased

the good folks, who took to us both extremely.

*Saturday, 8th.*—Hearing that the reigning Princess was to arrive in the course of the morning at the Maison du Bois, a small but pretty palace situated in a wood about two miles from the town, Lady Castlereagh and myself, accompanied by Lord Bradford, Mr. Stewart, and my brother, walked there through the snow to witness her reception. After standing some time in the crowd, the Hereditary Prince (my old acquaintance), seeing us from the windows, came and conducted us into the palace, and showed us several of the apartments. In one were two little beds, in which King Louis' children (one the present Emperor, Louis Napoleon) slept, and the hurry of their departure was

evident from the fact that the beds were unmade, and some silver tea-spoons were left about the room. The Prince of Orange came to speak to Lady Castlereagh, but it being almost immediately announced to him and his son that the Princess was arriving, they flew to the door to receive her, and we saw the meeting from one of the windows. The Hereditary Prince handed his mother up the steps, and the Prince carried his little daughter in his arms; they all seemed deeply affected, and the air was rent with the acclamations of the multitude below. It was indeed a touching sight to witness the enthusiastic and heartfelt reception of these Princes after an exile of nineteen years, and the joy of the people at having recovered their freedom. The royal party remained but a short time in

the Maison du Bois, and then went in procession to the Hague, at the entrance of which the horses were taken off, and their carriage was drawn by the populace to the palace. At night the whole town was illuminated. Lord Castlereagh and his suite, and Count Pozzo di Borgo, set off in the evening for the head-quarters of the Allied Sovereigns. My brother and Mr. Stewart alone remained with Lady Castlereagh.

*Monday, 10th.*—We took leave of our kind host and hostess, and removed to Lord Clancarty's house, as he would not hear of Lady Castlereagh's going to a lodging. The Dowager Princess and her daughter, the Princess of Brunswick, widow of the eldest brother of the present Duke, arrived in the morning from Berlin and were well received.

*Tuesday, 11th.*—We all dined at the Prince's. Nothing could be more civil and kind than the manner in which the Princesses received us. The reigning Princess was rather tall, of a slight make, had a charming countenance, and was altogether most graceful, pleasing, and interesting in her appearance: she was, at the time I saw her, in her thirty-ninth or fortieth year, and possessed the remains of beauty, which seemed to have been impaired more by sorrow than by time. Her dress, which resembled that of many of Rubens' beauties, became her, and strongly contrasted with the high Chinese head-dresses and excessively short waists uniformly worn at the Hague, which were most preposterous and disfiguring both to face and figure. The Princess Dowager

was perhaps *tant soit peu hautaine* in her general manner, but appeared, and was by all accounts, a superior and very agreeable person. The palace was converted by the French into a hospital.

\* \* \* \* \*

There appeared to be little general society at the Hague, which was not to be wondered at, for during the last nineteen years, those attached to the family of Orange and to the Old Constitution, not wishing to admit the French into their parties, and not daring to exclude them, shut up their houses and saw none but particular friends. Many, too, were so much impoverished by the rapacity of their new masters, that it was no longer in their power to live with their former state. I have spoken with many about King Louis and the Reine

Hortense. The former was liked personally; not so the latter—not a word did I ever hear in her favour.

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*Tuesday, 18th.* — The Hereditary Prince dined with Lord Clancarty. In the evening Lady Castlereagh and I went to a Court held by the Princess for ladies only. This was H. S. H.'s first Court, and it was the anniversary of the day on which, nineteen years before, she had been obliged to fly from Holland. Lady Clancarty and her children arrived, to the great joy of Lord Clancarty, who had been uneasy about them.

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Lady Castlereagh, Lord Bradford, Mr. Stewart and I made a pleasant excursion of three days to Amsterdam.

\* \* \* \* \*

On our return to the Hague we found that the society at Lord Clancarty's had been increased by the arrival of Mr. R. Gordon (a brother of Lord Aberdeen) and Mr. W. Temple (Lord Palmerston's brother), the former as secretary to the Embassy, and the latter as an attaché. The other gentlemen of the Embassy, whose names I have omitted to mention, were Mr. Hopner, Mr. Gunning (son of Sir Robert Gunning), and Mr. St. George. Mr. G. Chad, who stayed some time at the Hague, was a pleasant addition to our society.

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26<sup>th</sup>.—We dined at Court and afterwards went to a *thé* given by Madame Hogendorp, wife of the minister for foreign affairs. This was the first large party I had been at in Holland, and it

gave me no wish for a second. In the beginning of the evening the ladies sat on chairs placed against the wall all round the room, while the gentlemen stood in the centre. This agreeable state of things continued till the card-tables, to the number of twenty-six, were brought, when every creature, young and old, played at whist! I, who just knew the game enough to follow suit, had the pleasure of being placed at a table with three gentlemen I had never seen before, and to add to the pleasure, the one I played with seemed very cross; but good luck was on our side, and we won. Nothing could well be more stupid, and most glad was I when the party came to an end.

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28<sup>th</sup>.—The Duke of Clarence and M. le Comte d'Artois arrived at the

Hague, the former for Sir Thomas Graham's army, the latter from England on his way to the head-quarters of the Allied armies.

29<sup>th</sup>.—We dined at Court to meet their Royal Highnesses.

30<sup>th</sup>.—The Duke of Clarence, the Hereditary Prince, and a large party dined at Lord Clancarty's. *Monsieur* had proceeded on his journey in the morning.

*Monday, February 1st.*—The Duke of Clarence left the Hague for Sir Thomas Graham's army. The Prince and Princess and the Hereditary Prince dined at Lord Clancarty's.

\* \* \* \* \*

3<sup>rd</sup>.—Lady Castlereagh and I drove to Delft, accompanied by the Hereditary Prince, who wished to be *incognito*, but unfortunately he was instantly recog-

nised, and a crowd followed us wherever we went, huzzaing and repeating the national cry of *Orange Boven*. In the church called the Great Church is a beautiful tomb to William I., who was assassinated in this town.

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In the old Stadthouse, then turned into barracks, we were shown the staircase on which he was standing when he was killed, and the holes the bullets made in the walls. The Prince returned with us, and dined with Lord Clancarty. In the evening we went to a *thé* at the Princess Dowager's, which was much pleasanter than that at Madame Hogendorp's, as no one was obliged to play at whist unless they liked it. Lady Castlereagh, Lady Clancarty, with myself and a few others, sat round a table with the Princesses,

who employed us in making what they were pleased to call lint for the soldiers, but which I hope was never used for that purpose.

*Friday, 6th.*—The Dowager Princess, the Princess of Brunswick, and the Hereditary Prince dined at the Embassy. After the Princesses were gone, the Prince made us all dance, which we did most merrily for several hours. It would be impossible to be more pleasing, good-humoured, and unaffected than this young Prince, and from having lived five or six years in England, or from serving with our army in the Peninsula, he seemed to be attached to everything English; whenever possible, he wore the English uniform, and when in full dress, he never appeared without the Peninsular clasps.

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Most interesting was the week that followed, for the important intelligence arrived of the defeat of the French on their own ground, when commanded by Napoleon, as well as of the further advance of the Allied armies into France.

12th.—The Hereditary Prince dined at Lord Clancarty's. A little before nine we went to a dance at Court, which I had the honour of beginning with H.S.H.

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*Friday, 18th.*—Lady Castlereagh and I dined with the Princess Dowager. The Hereditary Prince and M. Fagel were the only guests invited besides ourselves. The Prince took leave of us in the evening, as he was going to set out early next morning on a tour through the provinces.

*Saturday, 19th.*—Valletort, with Mr. Temple and Mr. Stewart, went to see the surrender of Gorinchem by the French to the allied Dutch and Prussian troops. Lady Castlereagh had intended to be of the party, but she was dissuaded from it by the terrible accounts we received of the state of the roads and ferries, being rendered almost impassable by the ice.

*22nd.*—Lady Christine de Reede gave a dance, at which were the three Princesses, and the Hereditary Prince of Nassau Wiburg, afterwards Grand Duke of Nassau.

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*March.*—On the 8th, Sir Thomas Graham (afterwards Lord Lynedoch) made his disastrous attempt upon the fortress of Bergen-op-Zoom by storm. Our troops were repulsed, and the loss

of life was fearful. The accounts that reached us were most sad.

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The Duke of Clarence returned for a short time to the Hague ; and the Grand Duchess Catherine, widow of the Duke of Oldenbourg and sister of the Emperor Alexander, came on a visit of a few days to the Prince and Princess on her way to England.

We saw Her Imperial Highness at a dinner at Court, and were much struck with her manners and appearance, which were dignified and graceful. She looked clever also, and if all that has since been reported be true, she certainly succeeded in the object which she had in view in going to England.

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The Hereditary Prince returned, and



there were several balls at Court and in private houses.

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25<sup>th</sup>.—Prince Frederick, the youngest son of the Prince, arrived from Bulow's army. In the evening there was a dance at the Princess Dowager's, and I had the honour of dancing with Prince Frederick, who, having travelled all night, was so sleepy that he could with difficulty keep his eyes open.

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*Sunday, 27<sup>th</sup>.*—We left for Amsterdam to be present at the inauguration of the Prince, at the acceptance of the New Constitution, and the dinners and fêtes that were to take place on the occasion. The ice, with which we had found all the canals covered when we arrived in Holland, was now disappear-

ing, and Lady Castlereagh and most of the party chose to go by the canals in a treckschuyt to Amsterdam; but I preferred going with Lord and Lady Clancarty in their carriage. On entering Amsterdam, and in our progress through it, Lord Clancarty was loudly cheered. A good house in one of the best streets had been prepared for his reception. The party by water did not arrive till late in the evening, having met with impediments from the ice, which still remained on some parts of the canal.

*Monday, 28th.*—In the evening the Court made their first appearance in public at the Dutch theatre, which was crowded to excess, and their reception must have been most gratifying to them. In every pause in the per-

formance, the house rang with thunders of applause. Between the acts, the Dutch national air, '*Orange Boven*' and our 'God save the King' alternated, and I hardly know which tune created the greatest enthusiasm. During the former, the audience turned to the Prince's box, and applauded by beating time with their hands and feet; during the latter they turned to Lord Clancarty's. The first piece being a translation into Dutch of 'Athalie,' I could in a great measure follow it. The part of Athalie was well played by an actress somewhat resembling Mrs. Siddons in face and person.

*Tuesday, 29th.*—A dinner at Court in the *grande salle* of the Stadthouse. There were present upwards of two hundred notables, besides the attendants

of the Court, the ministers, and others who were invited, in all upwards of three hundred persons. The tables formed three sides of an oblong, and from the top of it, where I sat by the Hereditary Prince of Nassau, the *coup d'œil* was magnificent.

I must add that Lady Castlereagh, Lady Clancarty and I, were the only ladies besides the Princesses and their ladies in waiting. An allusion made by the Prince to the marriage in contemplation between the Hereditary Prince and our Princess Charlotte was received with vociferous acclamations.

After dinner the Princes and Princesses went to the French theatre, and so did we. The reception was as gratifying as that on the previous evening at the Dutch theatre.

*Wednesday, 30th.*—This was the day appointed for the ceremony of the inauguration of the Prince, and the acceptance of the New Constitution in the great Church of Amsterdam, whither we repaired early in the morning. At one end of the church was placed a throne for the Prince, on each side of which, but a step lower, were chairs for the Prince's two sons, and behind them stood the Prince's attendants. Turning the angle on the right were chairs for the three Princesses : behind them were seated the ladies of the Court, and opposite to them were the places appropriated to the English and other foreigners.

The six hundred notables were ranged on benches facing the throne, and all around were erected galleries for the town's people and other spectators. The

Princes and Princesses having taken their seats, the president of the notables addressed the Prince in a speech which, from the tears of the Princesses, I presumed was affecting, but of which I did not understand one word, it being delivered in Dutch. The Prince then made a reply in the same language, and concluded by taking the oath for maintaining the Constitution now established ; which he did in a manly yet feeling manner. This was followed by the Hereditary Prince and his brother taking the oath of allegiance. The former was so overcome by his feelings, he could scarcely speak. Indeed, this part of the ceremony was both interesting and affecting. The whole concluded with a Dutch sermon of considerable length, which seemed to weary even those who

understood it. There was another dinner at Court, to which some of our party went, but from which I excused myself on account of fatigue. In the evening we all went to the French play. At night the town was illuminated, and the effect was good from the reflection of the lights in the canals.

We had agreed to make an excursion to the much talked-of village of Broek in North Holland. Accordingly, Lady Castlereagh, the Ladies Trench, myself, and some of the gentlemen of our party, set off early with the intention of returning by three o'clock in time for the dinner at Court.

The excursion was most pleasant, but though we made it as short as possible, the slowness of the towing along the canals, and the sailing across a small

arm of the Zuyder-Zee, took so much time, that we did not reach Amsterdam till the Prince's dinner hour was passed. To make up as much as we could for this seeming negligence and want of respect, we hurried our dinner and toilettes, and hastened to a great concert given to their Serene Highnesses, where we arrived in good time, and offered our apologies, which were most kindly and good-humouredly received. It was an amateur concert, and performed in the concert room of the Felix Meritis.

*Friday, April 1st.*—We went at ten o'clock to the Admiralty to see the launch of a sloop of war. It was, I believe, a novel sight to the Princesses and many of those present, and they were therefore highly gratified by it, but to me, who had seen first-rate men-of-war launched

at Plymouth, the interest was small, and unfortunately the gaiety of the scene was marred by the rain, which fell incessantly the whole morning. After the launch we returned to the Admiralty house, where a breakfast was prepared. Notwithstanding the rain, the Princes and Princesses, Lord and Lady Clancarty, their daughters and myself, as soon as the repast was finished, were rowed round the vessels in the harbour. These vessels were small in number, and still smaller in size, and our aquatic excursion in the rain to see them struck me as so ridiculous, that I could with difficulty restrain a propensity to laughter, which was increased by the significant looks of the Hereditary Prince, who appeared as much amused as myself. In the evening there was a ball given to the Prince

by the citizens, in a hospital or asylum for old women. Like all balls of the kind, it was crowded, hot, and disagreeable. So ended the ceremonies and fêtes of the inauguration.

*Saturday, 2nd.* — The Princes and Princesses left Amsterdam and returned to the Hague; so, too, did Lord Clancarty, with some of the gentlemen of the embassy; but Lady Clancarty, Lady Castlereagh, and the rest of the party, determined to stay a day or two longer; and most pleasantly did those days pass.

On the 5th, we got into a treck-schuyt, which was brought almost as close to the door of the house as a carriage is to one in Portland Place, and at eleven o'clock left Amsterdam.

At Haarlem, we dined and heard the

famous organ, which exceeded my expectations.

Travelling on the canals is slow work, and we did not arrive at the Hague till four o'clock in the morning. Intelligence came of the entrance of the Allied armies into Paris on the 31st of March, and all were in a state of excitement. My brother, Valletort, set off immediately for Paris. Lady Castlereagh and I began to wonder what would now be our destination. This was settled on Monday, the 11th, when a messenger arrived who had been sent by Lord Castlereagh to conduct us to Paris. But one day intervened between the arrival of the messenger and our departure from the Hague, which was passed in making the necessary preparations, and in taking leave of our Dutch friends, most of

whom called upon us in the evening, and from many of, whom I parted with regret—a regret which they deserved by their amiable qualities, and by their uniform kindness and attention to me. As to Lord and Lady Clancarty, they treated me like a petted child—I had but to express a wish and it was gratified, and I shall always look back to those four months passed at the Hague as some of the happiest of my younger days. Lady Clancarty agreed to accompany us, with her two eldest daughters, as far as Brussels, where we were to wait for further instructions from Lord Castle-reagh.

Having taken an affectionate farewell of Lord Clancarty, we left the Hague on the 13th of April. At Rotterdam, a handsome town, we were detained a

couple of hours for horses, which was vexatious, as we had to cross three ferries, and wished to reach Breda that night. As far as Rotterdam the roads were good, but beyond this they altered for the worse, and were, besides, rather formidable to English travellers, being generally at the top of a high and narrow embankment, from which the postilion, driving four horses, would suddenly descend at a gallop in a perpendicular direction, without considering the weight of an English coach with luggage.

After passing through Dort, we soon arrived at the last ferry, which was about three miles across. As there was little space on board the vessel which conveyed the carriages, Lady Castlereagh and Lady Clancarty preferred going in a small boat, rowed by one man. The

day was closing in fast upon us, and before we reached the village of Lage Swallisee it was completely dark. Lady Castlereagh and Lady Clancarty, therefore, determined not to attempt to get to Breda (where the gates would be shut) if we could find any tolerable accommodation at the small inn in the village. Fortunately none of our party chose to make difficulties, and the people were civil and clean ; so, having got a good supper, with the aid of Lady Castlereagh's cook, we ladies clambered up a ladder into a sort of loft, and slept very comfortably in some little wooden beds, built into the wall, and resembling pigeon holes, a spare one being filled with straw and having a hole in it, obviously for the admission of chickens.

The next morning by six o'clock we

were on the move, and by ten o'clock reached Breda, where we breakfasted. Following the advice of Lord Clancarty, Lady Castlereagh despatched Mr. Stewart to the Hereditary Prince (whose head-quarters were at Breda) to enquire of H.S.H. which would be the safest road for us to take to Brussels, as some of the towns were still in the hands of the French, and a carriage had been fired upon and stopped not long since.

H.S.H. came immediately to see us, and having most good-naturedly settled everything for us, he walked with us to the church to see a monument erected to one of his ancestors, and then to a convent of nuns, who appeared to live most comfortably in small houses built round a square, in the centre of which was a garden, divided into compartments, for

each nun to have her own piece of ground to cultivate as she liked. The priest took us into the chapel, which was fitted up in a paltry manner with images, relics, and artificial flowers, and afterwards to the house of the abbess, a feeble old woman, scarcely able to stand.

It was quite affecting to see the poor creature's emotion when she heard that the Prince was amongst us. She was firmly attached to the family of Orange, for whose return she had never ceased to pray daily for the last nineteen years ; and the first sight of the Prince overcame her ; she seized his hand, kissed it, and amidst her sobs prayed Heaven to bless him ! The Prince returned with us to the inn, and did not leave us till he had put us into our carriages.

And thus we parted, with little hope of again meeting on the intimate, and, I may say, friendly terms of the last four months; and it was with real regret that we did so, for his unaffected good nature, his gaiety, and kindness, had endeared him to us all. Madame de Staël said very truly, '*C'est un triste plaisir que celui de voyager.*' One forms friendships which are broken off and for the most part never renewed!

The same horses were to take us to Leer, a distance of forty miles. Our progress was rendered excessively slow by the terrible state of the roads, occasioned partly by the weather, and partly by the recent passage of troops. While the horses were having some water, we got out of the carriage, and walked along a dreary heath and sat down under

a clump of firs till the carriage came up to us. It was indeed a melancholy spot : traces of fighting still visible in the remains of dead horses, the ground fresh where the dead had been buried, and the air not yet purified from the dreadful smell arising from so many slain. We passed through the small towns, or rather villages, of Meer, Ostmalle, and Sourssel, all showing the ravages of war, especially the last, where there had been fighting not six weeks before, the traces of which were very visible in the broken windows, the shattered state of many houses, the dismantled church, which had been converted into a stable, and the desolate appearance of the whole village. We saw many sick or wounded soldiers (apparently French) lying on heaps of straw, or dragging on their weary steps !

The roads continued to become, if possible, worse and worse, which was the more disagreeable, as we were benighted shortly after we left Soursel. In some places the servants were obliged to support the carriage to prevent its upsetting, and we went the whole way at a foot's pace, so that we did not arrive at Leer till four o'clock in the morning, having been sixteen hours performing a journey of only forty miles. The fatigue of this tedious travelling was not lessened by the carriage arrangements, which were certainly not luxurious. A pile of boxes divided the floor in two parts. My *vis à vis* was Mr. Stewart, six feet high, with legs in proportion, and sharing the small space with us was Lady Castle-reagh's fat bulldog, poor dear Venom—she was a great pet, but her fat and

heavy body was not exactly comfortable on one's feet. To avoid that, I screwed them under the step till I got cramped, when a bright thought struck me, and I said, 'Please, Alick, hang your legs out of the window, that I may stretch mine.' Roaring with laughter, he did what I asked, and the effect would have been ludicrous enough to passers by, but there were no passers by—we had the dreary road to ourselves. We found the inns in Leer filled with troops, for whose service all the horses were engaged. All, therefore, that we could do was to wait a couple of hours while our horses were baiting and resting, and to try to get something to eat for ourselves, as nothing had passed our mouths since our breakfast at Breda; with some difficulty we succeeded in this, and at last procured

some bad cheese, black bread, stale eggs, and tea which had never seen China—not a very tempting repast even to hungry travellers, and the large dismal room, with its dirty floor and table, lighted up by one tallow candle, and the atmosphere redolent of tobacco, and stuffy from the number of soldiers who had spent their evening in it, was not more pleasing than the fare. The wretched hard rush-bottomed chairs offered no rest, so we preferred the fresh air, and walked about the *grande place*, occasionally challenged by a sentinel. The carriages being at length ready, we proceeded on to Malines, which we reached between seven and eight o'clock.

Lady Castlereagh, one of the Ladies Trench, and Mr. Stewart, immediately

went to bed. Though I had not slept at all, I was much too excited to follow their example ; neither did Lady Clancarty or her other daughter ; but, after eating a breakfast, of which we were much in need, we refreshed ourselves by lying down for a short time, and dressing. Here, too, there was some difficulty in getting horses, and being, perhaps, the most energetic of the party, I bestirred myself to send a message to the governor, or commanding officer, to give an order that they might be provided for us. On running up stairs after arranging this matter, I came upon Col. Loftus, of the Guards, to the equal surprise of both at meeting so unexpectedly then and there.

While waiting for the horses, Lady Clancarty, Lady L. Trench and I walked

about the town, and went into one of the churches, which was very handsome and ornamented with some tolerable paintings. On our return to the inn, finding the horses ready, and the sleepers still slumbering, we three determined to start in Lady Clancarty's carriage, leaving the others to follow when they awoke. The road from Malines to Brussels is excellent, and, after passing Vilvorde, runs by the side of a number of fine country-seats, and, amongst others, the Palais de Laeken, lately the property of the Empress Josephine. We arrived at Brussels in the middle of the day, and were immediately visited by Captain Wood, an *aide-de-camp* of Sir C. Stewart, by whom he had been sent to escort Lady Castlereagh to Paris.

We should naturally have liked to

proceed on our journey without delay, but as Lady Clancarty had accompanied us in the hope of spending a few days with us at Brussels, Lady Castlereagh settled to remain there one whole day, which we spent very pleasantly, walking about, seeing the churches, and in the evening going to the theatre. Six thousand Swedes, of Bernadotte's army, were quartered in Brussels, and a remarkably fine soldier-like set of men they appeared to be. One of the officers was, I presume, troubled with curiosity to see what sort of people Englishwomen were, for, when sitting together, the door opened, and there stood a tall young officer, in full uniform. Our five pairs of eyes were fixed on him in astonishment, and *his* pair quietly surveyed us all. He then made a bow,

and disappeared, not a word having been spoken. Certainly our eyes had the best of it, for he was very handsome, while we could not boast of much loveliness, and, jaded by a long journey, were not looking by any means brilliant in our travelling dresses. On April 17, after taking an affectionate leave of Lady Clancarty and her daughters, we proceeded on our journey to Paris. At Mons we stopped for an early dinner, and Lady Castlereagh was visited by the mayor, who came to offer her the use of his house. At Valenciennes, a fortified town, we were stopped for our passports to be examined, and at Cambray, where we arrived in the middle of the night, we were delayed an hour while they woke the governor for the same purpose. While thus waiting, we

were amused at seeing, by the light of the lamp at the gate, that the sentinel's Republican tricoloured cockade had been economically and speedily changed into the Bourbon white cockade, by the simple process of a slight coat of white paint, through which the three colours were distinctly visible.

After passing Peronne, we came to Pont St. Maxelle, and were obliged to get out of the carriage, as it could not go over the bridge, which had a short time before been partially blown up by order of Bonaparte, when pressed hard by the Allies. As we stood on the bridge watching the carriage crossing in a boat, we were surrounded by numbers of the inhabitants, and entered into conversation with them. They told us that many had lost their lives by the explo-

sion, even some who had sought safety on a hill a little distant from the bridge. They spoke with great bitterness of Bonaparte, and of the conduct of his army, who took from them everything they wanted without payment, and tore off the doors of their houses for fuel. This day and night travelling made me again appeal to Mr. Stewart for the leg-hanging-out-of-window relief, much, I fancy, to the amusement of Captain Wood. Late in the evening of the 18th we entered Paris, much fatigued by our long journey, but we did not think of fatigue in the joyful meeting with Lord Castlereagh.

We found him established in the hôtel of the Ministre des Finances, which, though not by any means a large one for Paris, was yet of sufficient size to

lodge all the mission, and was conveniently situated in the Rue Neuve des Capucines, at a short distance from the Tuileries and Boulevards.\*

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The morning after our arrival, Valletort and Lord Bradford came to see us, and in the evening we went to the Grand Opéra.

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Lady Castlereagh had been in Paris only a few days when she was honoured by a visit from the Emperor Alexander. He talked almost incessantly, which took off a little of the *gêne* of such a visit, there being no one present but the Emperor, Lady Castlereagh, and myself. He spoke, I recollect, of his march to Paris, and of the reasons that

\* Here ends the Diary.

had made him take that bold measure, notwithstanding the fears of many of his generals. This subject led him next to describe the different sorts of courage — '*Le courage moral, et le courage physique*,' which he did in rather a pedantic manner, evidently intending to impress upon our minds that he possessed them both. He was very civil and courteous, and a handsome man, with fair complexion, but without really good features. He had little grace or ease in his movements, in consequence, I supposed, of the make of his uniform, which was padded on the chest and shoulders, and so tight round the waist and the arm-holes, that he could not stand upright, and his arms hung straight, and did not touch his body.

The King of Prussia, who was Lady

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Castlereagh's next royal visitor, I confess pleased me more. Though neither so handsome, or apparently so polished in manner as the more brilliant Emperor, he had a fine military figure, and there was a calmness and shade of melancholy in his countenance, and a simplicity and *bonhomie* (if I may be allowed to call it so) in his deportment which interested me.

His two sons\* and his nephew†, Prince Frederick, with whom I had the honour of becoming well acquainted, were very good-humoured and pleasing young men. I saw them first at a ball given by La Maréchale Ney to the Emperor of Russia.

\* The late and the present King of Prussia.

† Prince Frederick, son of the late Queen of Hanover by her first husband, Prince Louis of Prussia.

Bonaparte was still at Fontainebleau when we came to Paris, and Lord Castle-reagh had daily reports from Sir Niel Campbell (the English officer appointed to attend him to Elba) of his conduct while there, and on his journey to Cannes. All his courage and nerve seemed to have forsaken him, so much so that in one part, where he believed the inhabitants were Bourbonists, he actually rode as courier ahead of his own carriage, with a round livery hat and white cockade on his head !

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We drove one morning to Montmartre and to Belleville, where the last fierce struggle took place before the Allies entered Paris. The day was brilliant, the atmosphere looked clear and pure, but as we walked along, dread-

ful exhalations arose from the dead, buried all around us, and even beneath our feet! What strange people the French are! On a house sufficiently distant for safety from the battle field there was still an *affiche*, stating—‘*Ici on voit la bataille pour deux sous!*’ If London had been besieged, would any Englishman have thought of turning a penny in this way?

Before the arrival of the King, *Monsieur* held an evening Court at the Tuileries, which Lady Castlereagh and I attended. His Royal Highness spoke with feeling and gratitude of the reception the King and Madame la Duchesse d’Angoulême had met with in London, both from the Prince Regent and the people—an account of which he had received from *Madame*, who observed in her

letter that she thought it could scarcely be surpassed in Paris; and indeed I much doubt whether it was, at least in sincerity. There was certainly every appearance of joy, and the air resounded with the cries of '*Vive le roi!*' '*Vivent les Bourbons!*' but one could not imagine that the old soldiers of Bonaparte—and every man, even the drivers of *fiacres*, had been soldiers—really felt much joy on the occasion. It was on May 3 that the King made his entry into Paris. The procession went first to 'Nôtre Dame, where High Mass and Te Deum were performed, and thence proceeded to the Tuileries, passing over the spot where the unfortunate Louis XVI., his ill-fated Queen, and innocent sister, fell victims to the revolutionary tigers! What must have been the Duchesse

d'Angoulême's feelings on thus returning to the scenes of such sad memories ! Poor woman ! Her grave countenance, where no joy or elation was visible, proved that her thoughts dwelt more on the past than the present !

But to others this present was a pretty one, and thoroughly French. The Carrousel was filled with soldiers, with bands playing. The royal carriage moved at a foot's pace, and before it were troops of young ladies, in white ball-dresses, decorated, as well as their heads, with *fleurs de lys*, of which they held large bunches in their hands, strewing them as they went. All this (singularly enough) I saw from the identical window from which, in the year 1802, I had seen Bonaparte, as First Consul, reviewing his troops ! When all was over, we had to

cross the Place du Carrousel on foot to get to our carriage, and in so doing, passed through the *Vieille Garde*, who did not look amiably upon us. The King and *Madame* soon afterwards held each an evening Court for ladies—the King in the great apartment up stairs, and *Madame* in the *rez de chaussée*.

Lady Castlereagh, as an ambassador's wife, was received separately, so I passed with Lady Lansdowne and Lady Ossulston. The presentation to the King was rather formidable; for His Majesty, *Monsieur*, and the Ducs d'Angoulême and de Berri, surrounded by the officers of State, were all placed at one end of the room, into which, having entered by a door at the same end, we had to walk along the three other sides, one lady following the other, and considerably

parted by our long trains ; so when at last I found myself opposite the King, &c., I felt so nervous that I had only enough wits left to make my *révérences*, but did not hear what was said to me by *Monsieur* and the Duc de Berri, both of whom I had known in English society. We then descended to Madame d'Angoulême's reception, which, from being in a smaller room, was much less awful.

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The King and *Madame* appeared in state at several of the theatres, and we went to see them at the Français. The play was, I think, 'Antigone,' in which there were many passages which had *rapport* with the relative position of the King and *Madame*, all of which were taken up by the audience, and vocife-

rously applauded. But all this applause, instead of exciting, was painful to me, as I looked on the poor Duchess's sad face. It used to put me out of patience to hear the heartless observations made upon her—'*Elle est maussade ; elle n'a pas de grâce ; elle est mal mise*' (the worst fault in a Frenchwoman's eyes); &c., &c. Did they imagine she could forget all the horrors she had gone through in the Temple in her youth, ending with solitary confinement there? And did they think that such intense misery would cease to leave its impression on her countenance and manners, especially in the place where she had thus suffered? Poor, poor woman, when I looked at her I could have wept!

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Another interesting sight was the

opening of the Chambers by Louis XVIII. He was attended by the great officers of the Court, and accompanied by *Monsieur* and his two sons, and the old Prince de Condé, father of the Duc de Bourbon, and grandfather of the murdered Duc d'Enghien. The poor Prince was so feeble that he was obliged to be supported on each side as he tottered across the floor of the Chambers.

The procession, sooth to say, was not a brilliant one, or likely to suit the love of theatrical display or the vanity of the Parisians. The King, though his countenance was handsome and intelligent, was unwieldy from his size and ungraceful in his movements: the two younger Princes were decidedly insignificant and mean-looking, so that their father, *Monsieur*, who had been a very handsome

man, and still had an air *très-distingué*, was the only one who became the costume worn by them on the occasion, viz. :—A mantle of blue satin, and a *chapeau à la Henri IV*, with white feathers. To the others it was, to say the least, very *trying*. After the King and the royal family had left, we remained a little longer, and were much amused at the contrast between our House of Commons and the *Chambre des Députés* : members rushing with their speeches in their hands from the *côté droit* and the *côté gauche*, and meeting in the desk from which they were to speak, neither choosing to give way to the other, and the President placed above them, ringing his bell for some time in vain.

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Few things surprised me more at Paris than the manner in which the Duke (then Marquis) of Wellington was received on the first evening of his arrival there, coming, as he did, from Toulouse, where he had fought and won the last battle of the war. He had dined with Lord and Lady Castlereagh, and afterwards went to the Grand Opéra with Lady Castlereagh, myself, and Mr. Planta. The Duke was in plain clothes, without any decoration to attract notice, and sat in the back of the box ; but he was almost immediately recognised by some one in the pit, and a voice cried out, '*Vellington.*' The cry was taken up by others, and at last the whole pit rose, and turning to the box, called out, '*Vive Vellington !*' nor would they be satisfied till he stood up and bowed to

them, when he was cheered and applauded.

At the end of the performance, on opening the door of the box, we found the passage crammed, and my poor aunt was nervous and frightened, and shrank back, but the Duke, in his short way, said, 'Come along,' and drew her on, Mr. Planta and I following. While doing so, I heard one man say to another, '*Mais pourquoi l'applaudissez-vous tant ? il nous a toujours battus.*' This was very true, and a very natural question ; but the answer was charming, and carried one back to the time of the preux chevaliers—'*Oui, mais il nous a battus en gentilhomme.*'

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It was at the dinners given by Lord Castlereagh that I chiefly saw and had

leisure to observe those persons who had become famous by their exploits, their talents, their virtues, and their crimes.

One of these dinners I shall never forget. There were present at it Prince Henry and Prince William of Prussia—brothers of the King (the latter handed me); and at the same table were seated the conquerors and the conquered—a Wellington, a Schwartzenberg, and a Blucher, by a Marmont, a Mortier, and a Ney. There also were the upright and high-minded minister and the crafty politician; the loyal subject and the cold-blooded regicide; a Stadion and a Talleyrand; a Hardenberg and a Fouché!

To see men so discordant in their actions, their feelings, and their prin-

ciples, meeting in apparent amity, and meeting, too, at Paris, in an English Minister's house, was most curious—so curious that I could scarcely believe it a reality, and that my senses did not deceive me. Of all those thus collected, Talleyrand and Fouché were the only two from whom I felt myself recoil. They were seated opposite to me on each side of Lord Aberdeen, and during a long dinner I had time to examine their countenances. The former's revolting person and face in some respects did him injustice, for the bad qualities were evident; but his half-closed eyes and heavy countenance gave no indication of his talents and his wit.

Fouché was totally different, being small in stature and spare in make, with a narrow pinched face, and when un-

known, might have passed unnoticed ; on further observation, however, there was an expression of shrewd and decided cold-blooded good sense and reflection, without a ray of warmth of feeling, not even the enthusiasm of that (miscalled) patriotism of the dreadful days of the Revolution, which slurred over the atrocious acts of cruelty that were attributed to him ; and I could fancy him giving his vote, '*mort sans phrase*,' against the unfortunate Louis XVI. with as much *sang froid* as he ordered his carriage to take him to dinner.

Besides these dinners, which occurred frequently, Lady Castlereagh received, and had *des petits soupers* every night, to which all those she knew, both English and foreign, could come without invitation, and those with whom she was not

previously acquainted were introduced. Madame de Staël was a constant guest, and it was an intellectual treat to listen to her brilliant conversation. Many of the Princes assembled at Paris used to bring themselves to these pleasant little parties, and amongst others came often Prince Leopold of Saxe-Cobourg, who little foresaw his future destiny !

One evening early, when only a few persons were assembled, there entered three ladies we had never seen before, and who proved to be La Duchesse de Courlande (*d'un certain âge*), very ladylike in her appearance ; her eldest daughter, La Duchesse de Sagan, good looking, with a pale complexion, and simply dressed ; and another daughter, Madame de Périgord, dark, with magnificent eyes, highly rouged, and gayly

dressed in a pink gown, and roses on her head.

As the Duchesse de Sagan came in, Prince Louis de Rohan nudged Lady Castlereagh with his elbow, and said, '*C'était autrefois ma femme,*' which was rather a startling announcement to English ears. The Duchesse de Courlande, *de son côté*, imparted to us that '*Ma pauvre fille (Madame de Périgord\*) est bien triste, elle vient de perdre son enfant.*' Why she should have thought it necessary to bring her rouge, her pink dress, her roses, and her *tristesse*, to call on Lady Castlereagh was not obvious, and I doubt whether Lady Castlereagh

\* Wife of a nephew of Prince Talleyrand, and afterwards well known in London, when, as Duchesse de Dino, she accompanied Prince Talleyrand, then ambassador from Louis-Philippe, and did the honours of his house.

was properly grateful to these ladies for their visit, for when they were gone, she said, 'Emma, I am afraid we live in very bad company.' Too true! but we could not help ourselves, and got used to it. At a dinner at Prince Talleyrand's, we became acquainted with the Princess, whose antecedents would not bear very close inquiry. She was, I believe, either English or Scotch by birth, and had been known in India as Mrs. Grant. Where Prince Talleyrand fell in with her I never heard; but she must have been very handsome. She was also very silly, so silly that Napoleon asked Prince Talleyrand how he could marry her; to which he replied, '*Ma foi, sire, je n'ai pu trouver une plus bête.*' With her his mind was in complete repose. When I saw her she still showed

remains of beauty, and was a quiet-mannered, respectable-looking *pâte de femme*. The party was a mixed one, composed of French, Austrians, Russians, and English. I sat by a Russian, General Ouveroff, who was said to have been implicated in the assassination of the Emperor Paul. Another of the guests was an old, one-eyed lady, Princess Tyskowicz, sister to Prince Poniatowski, (drowned in the Elster at the retreat from Leipsic,) and, therefore, niece of the last King of Poland. She was remarkable for her literary attainments, which caused her society to be appreciated by Prince Talleyrand, whose house she frequented most evenings.

We dined, besides, at only one other French house, that of General Dupont, *le ministre de la guerre*, where we met

a number of marshals and their wives, amongst whom was Marshal Augereau, (Duc de Castiglione), an old, ugly, peculiarly disagreeable and ill-looking man, but whose wife was many years younger, and quite beautiful.

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At this time was living undisturbed in her favourite villa of Malmaison, Josephine, formerly Madame Beauharnois, afterwards wife of General Bonaparte, le Premier Consul, with whom she was crowned and became the first Empress of the French; and was an object of yet greater interest as the repudiated wife and the deposed Empress. She sent a message to Lady Castlereagh to ask her to come to see her, and to bring me, for, strange to say, my mother, before she married, had been

well acquainted with her as Madame Beauharnois, when they were both boarders in the Couvent de Panthemont. Having often heard my mother speak of her kindly, I looked forward with interest to this meeting, which various engagements obliged us to postpone for a week, at the end of which, Lady Castlereagh, Lord Lucan, his three daughters, and I, drove to Malmaison to pay our respects, and were inexpressibly shocked when, on arriving at the lodge, we were informed that the Empress had expired that morning, after an illness of only two days!

The Emperor of Russia had called on her the day before, and finding her ill with a sore throat, or quinsey, had sent his doctor, but nothing could be done to save her. She was an amiable woman

and much loved ; and is sincerely mourned.

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A few mornings after her death, Lady Castlereagh and I called on Madame la Maréchale Ney, and, being admitted, were dismayed at finding her seated on a *canapé* in a recess at the end of the room, a table before her, on which was a *flacon* and a pocket-handkerchief, and she herself in floods of tears ! We felt very awkward, and were inclined to beat a retreat, but Madame la Maréchale did not appear in the least annoyed, and informed us that her grief was caused by the loss of Josephine, who had brought her up, and to whom she was much attached. The grief was all very natural ; but not so, to our English notions, was the somewhat theatrical

display of sorrow before two persons almost strangers. And yet I believe the poor woman was really unhappy.

It is not, I think, generally known that Madame Ney was the daughter of Madame Auguier, *une des femmes* of Marie Antoinette, and who, by her promptitude on the dreadful night of October 6, 1789, saved the Queen's life at Versailles. Her Majesty, worn out by terror and fatigue, had thrown herself on her bed, the ladies remaining at her door. Madame Auguier, hearing loud shouts and musket-shots, flew to the outer door of the apartment, which she found defended against the furious mob by M. de Miomandre, one of the *gardes de corps*, who said, 'Save the Queen!' She locked and bolted the door, and rushed back to the Queen,

and she and her sister, Madame Campan, dragged her to the King's room. Madame Auguier and Madame Campan remained with the Queen till she was confined in the Temple.

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We spent many mornings delightfully in visiting the interesting places in the environs of Paris; amongst these Versailles and St. Cloud, from their associations, held the first place.

The magnificent façade of the former and its stately gardens carried one's thoughts back to the splendid age of Louis Quatorze—to its gallantry, its encouragement of men of letters, and of the arts, and to all those refinements that made his Court the most polished in Europe; but the desolate appearance of the interior soon recalled one to the

scenes of horror that passed there in latter days ; and the recollection of Louis le Grand faded before the misfortunes of the unhappy Louis XVI. !

. Both le Grand and le Petit Trianon (the latter the favourite retreat of the unfortunate Marie Antoinette) were refitted by Bonaparte ; but St. Cloud was the palace he preferred. Though in extent and architectural beauty inferior to Versailles, in other respects it is much its superior ; the private apartments are cheerful and convenient, which those at Versailles never could have been ; the grounds are agreeable, and the views from them of the adjacent country, with Paris in the background, and the Seine (which here forms a pretty feature) in the front, may boast considerable beauty. It was in the *orangerie* of this his chosen

residence, that Bonaparte was elected Premier Consul, at the very moment when, accused by the people of deserting his army in Egypt, and abandoned by the existing Government, his presence of mind forsook him, and everything would have been lost had not his brother Lucien come forward, mounted him on the shoulders of two grenadiers and forced him back into the *orangerie*, telling him to 'speak.' And so the tide was turned.

And now how the scene was again changed. When I saw it, Field-Marshal Prince Schwartzenberg was master of St. Cloud, having established his headquarters there!

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The negotiations were drawing to a close, and we were beginning to prepare

for our departure from Paris. Many of those who formed our more intimate society had already left it, amongst others my brother Valletort, Lord Bradford, Lord Lovaine (who became Earl of Beverley on the death of his father, and subsequently Duke of Northumberland), his friend Lord Binning (the late Lord Haddington), &c., &c. At last the peace of Paris was signed, and on the evening of May 30 we set off on our return to England. We travelled all that night, slept the next at Montreuil, and arrived in the afternoon of the following day at Boulogne, where a frigate was in readiness to take Lord Castlereagh across the Channel. At Boulogne we found Prince Blucher, who was waiting for the King of Prussia; to attend upon whom, as well as on the

Emperor of Russia, H.R.H. the Duke of Clarence was lying off Boulogne in the 'Impregnable.'

Lord Castlereagh waited on H.R.H. the next morning, and afterwards joined us on board the 'Nymphen,' the captain of which (Captain Smith) happened, singularly enough, to be the person who sent a Dutch pilot to the rescue of the 'Erebus,' when in some peril off the coast of Holland.

Our voyage this time was most delightful, and in the afternoon of June 3 we landed at Dover, where Lord Castlereagh was received with cheers by the crowds assembled on the beach, who followed him as he walked through the town. We slept that night at Lord Castlereagh's apartments in the Castle, which we left the next day, June 4, as the

salute was being fired for George III.'s birthday. Alas, poor King! How his true English heart would have rejoiced and exulted at the triumphs we had gained and at the downfall of Bonaparte! but in bodily and mental darkness he remained, unconscious of all around him. At twelve o'clock that night, after an absence of six months, I had the happiness of receiving a joyful welcome from my dear father, and of finding myself in my own home.

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A few evenings after my return, we had the honour of receiving a command from the Prince Regent to rather a select party given by him to the Emperor of Russia, the King of Prussia, princes innumerable, and all the diplomatists, generals, and others who had

figured in the late events. At this party I well remember seeing the Princess Charlotte and the Hereditary Prince of Orange sitting together, and walking about arm-in-arm, looking perfectly happy and lover-like. What were the intrigues and influence that changed the Princess's feelings, and caused her to break off the marriage, is a mystery known, I believe, to few. There were many rumours—many stories afloat, but none to be relied on, the only thing positive being the fact that the Prince was dismissed; and I grieved for his mortification and disappointment. The last time I saw him before he left England was at a great ball at Devonshire House, when he came up, wrung my hand, and said, 'Good-bye, God bless you, Lady Emma; I am off to-morrow.'

Tears were in his eyes, and he appeared miserable ; and well he might, for under any circumstances such a dismissal would be sufficiently mortifying, but at so public a moment it must in every way have been most galling to all his feelings.

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To describe the state of London during the following weeks would be impossible, even if I wished to attempt it. It was one of frenzy. The peace, and the sovereigns and the princes, and Wellington, and Blucher, and Platoff, all coming at once, upset the sober mind of John Bull. Night and day, everybody was rushing everywhere. There were illuminations and fireworks, and a fair in Hyde Park, and frigates firing on the Serpentine, for the masses ; and going in state to the theatres, and

great dinners without end, and great parties and balls for the great people. Amongst these great people was my Paris acquaintance, Prince Leopold of Saxe-Cobourg—a minor star, little noticed amid the brilliant constellations that surrounded him; yet he attracted the notice of one whose influence changed, ere a year was passed, the whole future of his life. Princess Charlotte admired and liked him. Where and how often did she meet him? This is another mystery of that eventful period.

Was the same brain at work to *promote* this marriage which it was supposed had exerted itself to mar the other? And that intriguing brain, was it the Grand Duchess Catherine's, as many thought? Who knows!

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The Emperor of Russia, the King of Prussia, Lords Liverpool and Castlereagh, were elected Knights of the Garter. When at Paris, Lord Castlereagh was almost the only person of mark *non décoré*, the generality being covered both on the right and left with stars. Some one observed this, when another foreigner said, '*Ma foi! il a l'air bien distingué.*' And so he had, with his tall figure, his handsome countenance, and his simple, unaffected, yet dignified manner, which made one feel very proud of him.

I may as well mention here that when he first entered the House of Commons on his return to England, the whole House rose and cheered him in acknowledgment of the successful termination of his arduous negotiations.

The Emperor of Russia, the King of Prussia, and various other royal and distinguished persons, having, with the Prince Regent, attended a naval review at Portsmouth, they there took leave of H.R.H., proceeded to Dover, and embarked for France.

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*July 1st.*—The Duke of Wellington having received an address of thanks from the House of Commons, presented to him in Hamilton Place by a deputation, went down to the House to return his thanks in person for the same. On his appearance at the bar, all the members rose, and received him with enthusiastic cheering. After he had, in a few simple words, expressed his gratitude for the repeated votes of thanks, and the pecuniary grants bestowed upon

him, and declared his readiness to serve His Majesty in any way in which his abilities might be useful, the Speaker (Abbot) rose and addressed to him a beautiful and eloquent reply, at the end of which the Duke withdrew, the whole House rising whilst he was reconducted by the Serjeant from his chair to the door of the House.

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7<sup>th</sup>.—A general thanksgiving for the peace. The Prince Regent went in state, and the two Houses of Lords and Commons attended divine service in St. Paul's.

13<sup>th</sup>.—All the London world was startled by hearing that the Princess Charlotte had, on the previous evening, left Warwick House unobserved, and gone off in a hackney coach to

the Princess of Wales, in Connaught Place.

The cause of this sudden and unaccountable proceeding has never transpired to the world at large. That it was perfectly unexpected and unwished for by the Princess of Wales, there seems to be little doubt.

The Duke of York, the Duke of Sussex, Lord Eldon, and Mr. Brougham, all repaired to Connaught Place, and, after several hours of discussion, the Princess Charlotte returned to Warwick House.

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The Prince Regent gave a grand gala at Carlton House on the 21st, in honour of the peace; on the 30th he prorogued Parliament; and soon afterwards the fever of the last weeks gra-

dually subsided, and people resumed their usual habits, and betook themselves for rest both of body and mind to the country.

My father and I repaired to dear beautiful Mount Edgcumbe, where we lived for some months in pleasant intercourse with our neighbours; in the autumn making a progress in Queen Elizabeth's fashion to visit our friends in the distant parts of the county. In November Lord and Lady Castlereagh went to Vienna, where he joined the congress of statesmen.

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1815.

We left Mount Edgcumbe for London soon after the meeting of Parliament. In the first days of March came the

astounding news that Bonaparte had escaped from Elba on February 26; had landed in France with a small army of Poles, Corsicans, and Elbese; and was marching triumphantly on to Paris; his old army and most of the Marshals receiving him everywhere with enthusiasm. On March 20 he entered Paris, which Louis XVIII. had previously left for Lille, attended by Marshals Berthier and Macdonald.

The consternation caused by this event was immense—all hope of continuance of peace was at an end, and in the beginning of April the Duke of Wellington, who was still engaged at the congress of Vienna, repaired to Brussels to take command of the English forces sent there.

Lord Castlereagh had returned in

March, his colleagues requiring his presence in the House of Commons.

*June.*—My father went to Mount Edgumbe, and I remained, as I frequently did, with Lord and Lady Castle-reagh. As days passed on, news came of Bonaparte, at the head of a formidable army, being on his march to the Low Countries, where the Duke of Wellington, with the English, Brunswick, Belgian, and Hanoverian forces, and the Prussian army under Marshal Blucher were ready to receive him.

Reports of battles succeeded each other, all equally unfounded, but on the 19th or 20th, at an evening party at Lansdowne House, much sensation was caused by the report that a great battle

had certainly been fought, and that the intelligence had been brought, it was said, by a pigeon to the Rothschilds.

This suspense ended on the 21st. Never shall I forget that evening! Lord and Lady Castlereagh were dining two or three doors from their own house with Mrs. Boehm, to meet the Prince Regent, and I was sitting quietly alone, when suddenly there came the sound of shouting and the rush of a crowd, and running to the window to discover the cause of all this noise, I saw a post-chaise and four, with three of the French eagles projecting out of its windows, dashing across the square and to Lord Castlereagh's door. In a moment the horses' heads were turned, and away went the chaise to Mrs. Boehm's; leaving me in a state of excited wonderment,

but feeling a conviction that this haste, and the three eagles, and the cheering of the people, announced a victory. Shortly after I received a message from Lady Castlereagh, telling me to dress and to join her at Mrs. Boehm's—this I did quickly.

The ladies had left the dining-room, and I learnt that Major Henry Percy had arrived, the bearer of despatches from the Duke of Wellington, with the intelligence of a glorious and decisive victory of the Allies over the French army, commanded by Bonaparte in person. The despatches were being then read in the next room, to the Prince Regent, and we ladies remained silent, too anxious to talk, and longing to hear more. Lord Alvanley was the first gentleman who appeared, and he horri-

fied us with the list of names of killed and wounded ; and such names ! great and distinguished in the campaigns of the Peninsula, and become almost household words. There were several for whom I felt a true regard. The Guards, he said, had suffered severely—my brother Ernest was in them, but the fate of a subaltern could not be known ! I had wished to hear more, and what I heard stupified me ; I could scarcely think or speak. Presently the Prince came in, looking very sad, and he said, with much feeling, words to this effect : ‘ It is a glorious victory, and we must rejoice at it, but the loss of life has been fearful, and *I* have lost many friends ; ’ and while he spoke the tears ran down his cheeks. His Royal Highness remained but a short time, and soon after the

party broke up ; and I must, in justice to Lady Castlereagh, state that the account I read in some book that she went from Mrs. Boehm's to a ball at Sir George Talbot's, and spread the news (so heart-rending to many) there, was totally false, for immediately on hearing the details from Lord Alvanley, she made me write a note of excuse to Sir George Talbot both for herself and me, as she properly felt that going to a ball under such circumstances was quite out of the question. Lord Alvanley had slipped out of the room, and went to the ball, and he certainly had the credit of having sent half the ladies into fainting fits and hysterics.

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I was very anxious to learn something of my brother, and my friends were

most kind in going to the Horse Guards and making enquiries respecting him; and they soon assured me that from all they could hear, I might be at ease as to his safety. A few evenings after the 21st (I forget the exact date) I was sent for by Lord Castlereagh and found him writing despatches to the Duke, and Major Percy in full uniform standing on the opposite side of the table ready to start with them. Lord Castlereagh instantly gave me a long despatch to copy, which I did as fast as I could, standing by his side, feeling very nervous all the while, with Major Percy staring and looking somewhat surprised at seeing me in the character of secretary. So absorbed was I in the mere mechanical act of writing rapidly, that I had no idea of the subject of the despatch; the only

words I remembered being 'Bavarian Contingent.'

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Each day brought news of an exciting character. Napoleon had arrived in Paris on June 20, and finding that no hope was left him, fled on the 29th for Rochefort, which he reached on July 3, and embarked on board a small frigate, his intention being to sail for America, but the 'Bellerophon,' a large English ship, being in sight, he made a virtue of necessity, and surrendered himself to Captain Maitland, who sailed immediately for England, and anchored in Torbay on July 25. Two days afterwards the 'Bellerophon' sailed for Plymouth Sound, where Bonaparte remained till August 7, when he was transferred to the 'Northumberland,' the

flag-ship of Admiral Sir George Cockburn, and sailed for St. Helena, which the Allies had decided was to be his future residence. While in Plymouth Sound immense crowds used to surround the ship in boats to see him walking on the quarter deck. He expressed so strong a desire to land at Mount Edgcumbe that Lord Keith, who commanded the Channel fleet, and Sir John Duckworth (the Port-Admiral) agreed to gratify his wish, and take him to Barnpool, the private landing place, at 4 A.M., and with themselves and other sufficient attendance to allow him to enjoy a walk there, the arrangement having been made known to my father. Unfortunately some information had reached the Government, which caused them the previous day to send orders that he should

be more strictly watched; so the plan could not be carried into effect. In the meanwhile the English army had taken possession of Montmartre on July 4. Lord Castlereagh arrived in Paris on the 6th, to take part in the deliberations of the French and Allied ministers, and Louis XVIII. returned to it on the 8th. Lady Castlereagh was to join Lord Castlereagh as soon as Paris was in a settled state, and she had kindly obtained from my father permission for me to accompany her. The summons having come, Lady Castlereagh and I lost no time in starting on our journey. We found Sir Watkin Williams Wynn and his brother, Mr. Henry Wynn, at Dover waiting for a passage, which Lady Castlereagh gave them in the packet she had engaged. When at Dessin's at Calais,

the authorities came to pay their respects and make fine speeches to Lady Castlereagh, and in the middle of this somewhat formal proceeding, Sir Watkin's chair broke under him with a crash, and down he went to the ground. The authorities expressed great distress, and helped to pick up the prostrate Baronet, while Lady Castlereagh and I could, I fear, scarcely refrain from laughing.

As soon as the carriage was ready and we had taken some refreshment, we proceeded on our journey, sleeping one night on the road, and the next afternoon arrived at the Hôtel Borghese, formerly the residence of the celebrated Princess Pauline, and which had lately been purchased for the English Embassy. There we were affectionately greeted by Lord Castlereagh, and kindly welcomed

by Sir Charles Stuart, the newly appointed Ambassador at Paris. It was a fine hotel, splendidly furnished, and charmingly situated, with a garden opening on the Champs Elysées.

Lord and Lady Castlereagh's apartment was on the first floor, the Conference room being separated by an ante-room from the drawing-room. Sir Charles Stuart inhabited the ground floor, where were also the dining and ball rooms, and a suite of rooms connecting them; I was mounted aloft. It was, I think, only one or two days after our arrival at Paris, that the English army was reviewed; they marched up the Champs Elysées to the Place Louis XV. (now de la Concorde), where they passed before the Emperor Alexander and *Monsieur*. Lady Castlereagh rode,

but I went in an open carriage with my dear kind friend Lord Clancarty, to see this sight so glorious to English eyes, and so stirring to English hearts.

Neither the Guards nor the other troops looked in parade dress; their uniforms were stained and shabby, but did not one look with pride upon them? they were those that had been worn at Waterloo! With what an intensity did this feeling of national and just pride increase, and I may add ennoble, the gratification of being again at Paris, and of meeting the great and illustrious persons who had been there the preceding year. Then the interest excited by the important events that had occurred was of a general character; now it had become almost personal; one seemed to share in the glory of that indomitable

and determined army which had withstood the fierce and repeated charges of the French in that wondrous battle, and had finally entered Paris as conquerors. Besides my brother Ernest, who was with the Guards, I found my cousin Ancram (afterwards Lord Lothian) at Paris, and also his brother Schomberg, whose regiment was encamped in the Bois de Boulogne.

Lord Clive and Mr. Ward (I think) were attached to Lord Castlereagh's embassy, and Mr. Planta was still his private secretary, Lord Clanwilliam occasionally copying despatches, but in fact being *attaché* to Lord Stewart, and living with him in the Hôtel Montmorenci. Mr. Dawkins, Mr. Hervey, and Lord James Stuart were Sir Charles Stuart's *attachés*.

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What a change one year had made in the aspect of Paris ! In 1814 there was a small sprinkling of English ; in 1815 there was an English army, and the Duke and Duchess of Wellington established in a grand hotel, where they gave dinners and balls, Lord Hill in the Hôtel Montesquieu, Lord Stewart, Hôtel Montmorency, Sir L. and Lady F. Cole quartered in Madame Junot's hotel, with Lady G. Bathurst as their guest, Lord and Lady Combermere at la Malmaison, and Sir Andrew Barnard the English Commandant of Paris ! And last, though not one of the least curious and interesting sights of that curious time, was to see the simple, unpretending demeanour of our soldiers, who sauntered along as unconcernedly as they would have done in London. Troops of English flocked

to Paris. The Dukes of Rutland and Devonshire, the Dowager Duchess of Rutland, Lord and Lady Jersey, Lord and Lady Grantham, Mr. and Lady C. Lambe, Mr. Abbot (the Speaker), Sir Walter Scott, Mr. Jeffrey (the Edinburgh Reviewer), &c., &c. Many stayed only a short time, and proceeded on to Italy ; but many remained, and amongst these were the Duke and Duchess of Richmond and their daughters, Lord and Lady Kinnaird, Sir Sidney Smith, Lady Smith, and the Misses Rumbold, Sir J. and Lady Shelley, Mr. and Mrs. Arbuthnot, and Miss Fitzclarence, who came with them, and others whose names do not now occur to me. Lord Castlereagh gave many great dinners. At the first, which took place a few days after we arrived, was His Royal Highness the

Prince of Orange,\* whose arm, wounded at Waterloo, was still in a sling, and as I sat by his side, I cut the meat in his plate, for he could not do it himself. Subsequently the Emperor of Russia and his two brothers, the Grand Dukes Nicholas and Michel, were Lord Castle-reagh's guests. I had the honour of being handed to dinner by the Grand Duke Nicholas, then a tall stripling, his fine line of features giving promise of the splendidly handsome man he became. The Grand Duke Michel, though good-looking, was not to be compared with him in manly beauty, or indeed in attractiveness of manner. The Emperor was very strict with them, and they

\* The congress at Vienna had added Belgium to the Dutch provinces, and the father of the Prince of Orange had assumed the title of *Roi des Pays-Bas*. The Court to reside alternate years at the Hague and at Brussels.

were allowed to go only to the Duke of Wellington and to Lady Castlereagh. These two young Princes visited England two or three years later, and my father and I had the honour of receiving them at Mount Edgcumbe. The Grand Duke Nicholas came only for one day, and my father was charmed with him. He was indeed the beau ideal of a young Prince, so handsome, so well mannered, and so gay; playing like a boy with my father's poodle. In 1818 he was followed by the Grand Duke Michel, who, though very civil, was also very shy, and the five days he remained with us would have passed somewhat heavily, had it not been for the various interesting objects to be seen at Plymouth, which gave occupation for every morning. His Imperial Highness had a large suite, and

one of the number was obviously a clever and scientific man, and took notes of all he saw. We suspected that he wrote the journal that the Empress, His Imperial Highness's mother, had desired him to keep.

The King of Prussia and his two sons, the Prince Royal and Prince William, also dined with Lord Castlereagh, as did in their turn all the distinguished foreigners and English assembled at Paris at this exciting moment.

Excepting on Sundays, or when there was a ball, Lady Castlereagh went most evenings to one of the theatres. She had boxes at four—the Grand Opéra, the Français, the Fédeau, and the Variétés. On her return from the theatre, she received and had a supper in the same way as in the preceding

year; but how far more brilliant were the parties of 1815, both as to the number and the rank of those who attended them! Besides numbers of English, and many of the diplomatists, the King of Prussia used to drop in occasionally; the two Princes, his sons, frequently (attended by the traveller Humboldt); and the Prince Royal of Bavaria, Prince Frederic of Prussia, Prince Leopold of Saxe-Cobourg, and others too numerous to mention, constantly.

When the Princes of Prussia came, we always tried to get up a valse, as they delighted in dancing. Sometimes we had a little music, and Prince Leopold, who had a beautiful voice, would sing with much taste and feeling; and if Blangini was not there to accompany him, I used to do my best. He

also drew very well, and I still possess a drawing in pen and ink which he began one day in my sketch-book, and which he took home to finish for me. Seeing him, as I did, almost daily, either walking or riding, or sitting by him at supper, I had opportunities for perceiving what an intellectual, well-informed, and accomplished person he was. I have since often thought how strangely it happened that I should become so intimately acquainted with the Prince whom Princess Charlotte was to have married as well as the one she did marry.

In the list of princes, I ought to have mentioned the Landgrave of Hesse Homberg, a soldier-like, rough, but good-humoured man, who did not attract much notice, but who afterwards became the husband of Princess Elizabeth.

Of our French acquaintance, the one we saw most frequently was la Princesse de Vaudemont, *née* de Lorraine, who had known Lord Castlereagh when, as a young man, he had travelled abroad. She was a *très-grande dame* as to birth, clever, and, I imagine, *intrigante* in politics, with a coarse voice, and somewhat coarse manners, but friendly, and good-natured withal. Lady Castlereagh and I went to breakfast with her at a pretty villa she had at Suresnes, and she kindly wished me to make her a visit of some days, which was very flattering, but, agreeable though she certainly was, Paris was still more agreeable, and so, as no time was fixed, the visit never took place. The Marquise de Coignée, another clever and witty Frenchwoman (who had passed some

years in England at the period of the Revolution), used often to call on Lady Castlereagh. She, too, had a most disagreeable voice, of which she was quite aware, and said of it, '*Je n'ai qu'une voix contre moi—c'est la mienne.*' When she called, she generally brought with her a pretty little grandchild, who had taken a fancy to me, and always begged to accompany her when she came to Lady Castlereagh's. This pretty little child was the daughter of Count Sebastiani (afterwards French Ambassador in London in the reign of Louis-Philippe), and became the unfortunate Madame de Praslin, whose murder by her husband caused such a sensation both in France and England.

\* \* \* \* \*

There had been a revolution in Prince

Talleyrand's establishment. The Princess no longer formed part of it. The Prince had dismissed her, it was said ; at any rate she was gone, and had taken herself to England ; and in her stead were Prince Talleyrand's nephew, le Baron de Talleyrand, and his wife, a young, gay, and rather pretty woman.

\* \* \* \* \*

I mentioned before that the room where the Conferences were held was separated only by an ante-room from the drawing-room, in which I passed great part of the mornings alone, Lady Castlereagh being usually late ; and into this room, if Lord Castlereagh was not ready, Prince Metternich, Prince Hardenberg, Baron de Humboldt, Prince Rasomoffsky, Count Capo d'Istria, the Duke of Wellington, and the Duc de

Richelieu, would often come and stand talking to me as I sat at my little table writing my letters and Lady Castlereagh's notes. That these distinguished men, who were then settling the affairs of Europe, should condescend thus to pass a few spare minutes in friendly and pleasant conversation with me was, I confess (and not unnaturally), very gratifying to my vanity at the time, and a circumstance to look back upon as one of the most interesting passages of my life at Paris.

Prince Metternich, during the Conferences, was in the habit of drawing on little scraps of paper and throwing them torn under the table ; so I begged him, the next time he drew anything, to let me have it, and accordingly one morning he brought me two little drawings,

slightly but prettily done, of chapels like those seen by the roadside in Roman Catholic countries. Of Prince Metternich's handsome and intellectual countenance, his pleasing manners and agreeable conversation, it were useless for me to speak, they were so well known, were European in their celebrity, and could not easily be forgotten. It was, therefore, with great pleasure that I renewed my acquaintanœ with him many years afterwards when he took refuge in England; and though age had told upon him, flashes of his former brilliancy at times shone forth. Prince Hardenberg, Chancellor of Prussia, was an old man, and striking in his appearance, tall, with snow-white hair and fine features, expressive of benevolence. To me he was always most kind; we became great

friends, and I felt real regret when we left Paris at the thought that I should probably never see the dear old man again. And I never did.

\* \* \* \* \*

Lord Castlereagh very kindly had a horse brought from England for my riding, and as the weather was glorious, we took many delightful rides. One morning Lady Castlereagh, I, and two or three more, rode to St. Cloud to call on Marshal Blucher, who had established his head-quarters there, and we were welcomed most courteously and cordially by the old soldier and his *état major*. People in England had a notion that 'Old Blucher,' as they called him, was a coarse rough old fellow; but it was not so; and when receiving his friends his manners were perfectly well-bred, with a

pleasant mixture of heartiness in them. He must have been a handsome man when young, and had well-shaped aristocratic hands, and small and delicately-curved ears. Some little time afterwards he invited us to an early dinner. Lady Castlereagh, Mr. and Mrs. Arbuthnot, and Miss Fitzclarence, went together, and Lord Stewart drove me in his curricule. We were, as far as I can remember, nearly all the English of the party, which was a large one, the greater portion being Prussian officers. I was handed to dinner by General Thielman, an old man, who held a high position in the Prussian army, and whose name was well and honourably known in the late campaigns. Having never seen him before, I felt rather shy, but he was very good-natured, and at last I said some-

thing that amused him, and, turning round quickly, he said, '*Ah! je vois que vous êtes espiègle,*' and from that moment we were very merry. During dinner we were charmed by the music of the military bands, which afterwards played *valse*s and *mazourkes*; and I danced both a *valse* and a *mazourke* with Prince Blucher himself, who by his performance might have shamed many young men.

General Thielman also came up to me, saying, '*Il faut que j'aie une valse avec vous,*' so away we went, he seeming to enjoy his dance as much as I did. Altogether it was a most agreeable day, and nothing could exceed the courtesy and kindness of the old Marshal. Sir Henry Hardinge (subsequently created Lord Hardinge), who was attached to his

army in Belgium, and who lost his hand at the battle of Ligny, always spoke of the anxiety and kind attention he evinced towards him when ill and suffering from his wound. It is odd that this should be the first mention I have made of Sir Henry Hardinge, for he was one of our most constant guests, and became a dear and valued friend, whose friendship never changed during all the years of his distinguished and honourable career.

His marriage with Lord Castlereagh's half-sister, Lady Emily (the widow of Mr. James), with whom I had always lived in affectionate intimacy, in no way lessened the friendly intercourse of years long passed away. I may as well note down here that, on my return to England, Sir Henry sent me the copy of the

‘Memoirs of Madame de la Roche-Jacquelin’ which had been presented by her to Louis XVIII. It was found by the Prussians in Bonaparte’s carriage on the field of Waterloo, and was given by Prince Blucher to Sir Henry. The royal arms are emblazoned on the binding, and there are notes in several places on the margin, which, Prince Pierre d’Arenberg told me, were written by Louis XVIII., whose hand-writing Prince d’Arenberg knew well. Altogether it is a most interesting book, and I felt very grateful to Sir Henry for the gift.

\* \* \* \* \*

On our return from the pleasant party at Prince Blucher’s, where I had danced all the afternoon in a bonnet and morning dress, I had to make a smart *toilette*,

and prepare myself for dancing all night, and set the others dancing, at a ball at home.

Lady Castlereagh made me her *aide-de-camp* on all occasions, and it was my wish to be as useful as I could in return for her kindness in bringing me to Paris; but sometimes, I confess, I was not a little nervous when doing her bidding. At one ball, as she was not ready, she sent to me to go down-stairs, some of the guests being already arrived, and I shall not forget my horror on entering the room at seeing seated at the far end of it a row of people, of whom I knew only two even by sight, and those two were my *bête noire*, the odious Fouché and Madame Catalani! With Fouché was his lately-married wife—a handsome Madlle. de Castellane, whose counte-

nance was determined and not pleasing, and who seemed young enough to be his daughter. The other guests were equally heterogeneous. There were Madame Maison, the wife of General Maison, the French Commandant of Paris, an English general and his wife (whose names I have forgotten), &c. &c., none of whom appeared to be acquainted with each other any more than I was with them; so all I could do was to make *mes révérences* and my aunt's excuses for being late, and say a civil little word to each till Lady Castlereagh made her appearance and other guests arrived. This ball was one of many, and very gay and brilliant they were, from the number of distinguished persons present at them; but with this exception they were like all balls, and not worth describing.

Neither shall I mention, excepting cursorily, the delightful morning parties and early dinners we had at Versailles and St. Cloud, on which occasions *les eaux* were made to play for Lady Castlereagh.

\* \* \* \* \*

One afternoon, when walking in the Champs Élysées, Lord Castlereagh was knocked down by a horse kicking him on the knee, and he was brought home in a carriage, very faint and in much pain. Happily, however, there was no serious injury from the severity of the blow, and though he was confined to his bed several days, he would probably have soon left it, had he not been kept there by an attack of gout in the injured knee.

As soon as he was able to attend to

business, the conferences, which had been suspended, were resumed in the evening in his bed-room.

\* \* \* \* \*

The following letter is taken from a copy of one which I wrote to my father, giving an account of the review of the Russian army on the plains of Vertus :—

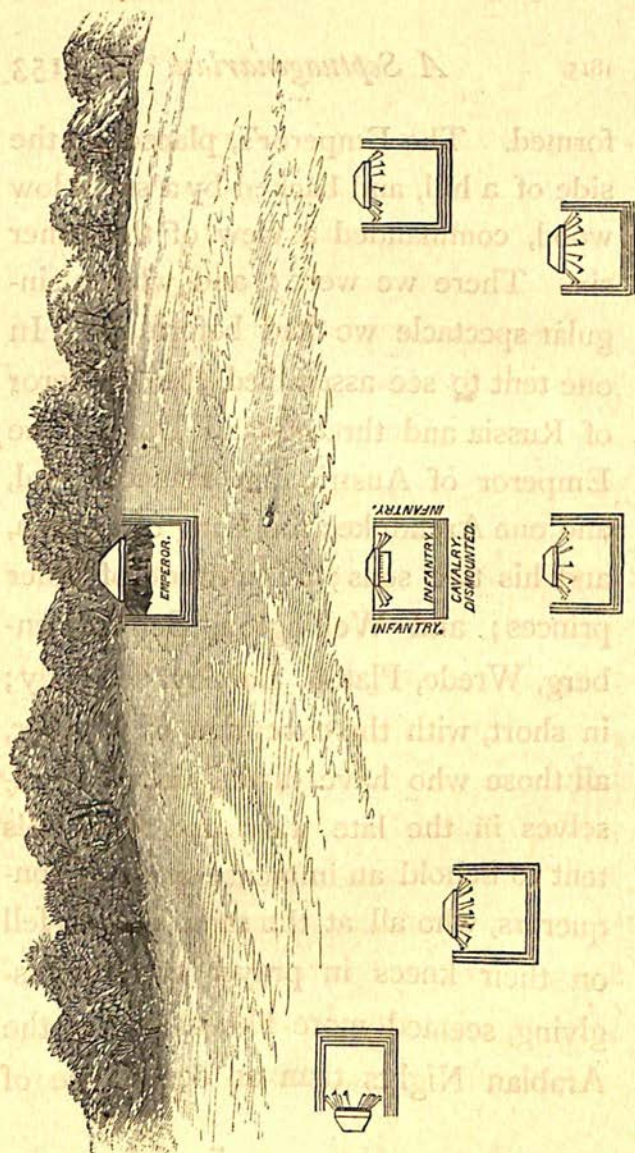
Hôtel Borghese, Sept. 13, 1815.

My dear Father,—We returned last night from the review, which I would not for the world have missed seeing. Never was there a more magnificent sight. It took place near the town of Vertus, and the country, much resembling the Salisbury Plains, was admirably calculated for it. The troops, to the amount of 160,000 men, were drawn up in three

lines at the foot of a hill, on the summit of which were the Sovereigns with their staffs, the Duke of Wellington, &c., &c. A little lower were benches for the other spectators. At a signal given from the hill, the troops having formed into squares, the Sovereigns descended, and rode round them. This took about an hour, though they rode at a canter.

Lady Castlereagh, myself, and the other ladies who rode, then got upon our horses, and repaired to the spot where the great personages had placed themselves for the army to pass before them. This it did in double columns, the Emperor of Russia at its head saluting the other Sovereigns. But the close of all was the most striking, and you, who like a *feu de joie*, would have been charmed with it. The Sovereigns, &c., &c. hav-

ing returned to the hill, and the troops being again formed into three lines, a general volley was fired by 300 pieces of cannon, instantly followed by a running fire from the lines, which continued for half-an-hour. It is impossible to conceive anything finer. Indeed the whole scene was beautiful, animating, and interesting to a great degree; though I am not sure it was as much so as what we saw the following morning, when the whole army was assembled to hear Mass and Te Deum. I shall never forget the moment when, having turned the point of the hill, it burst suddenly upon our view, formed into seven open squares of 25,000 men each, placed at short distances one from another, and each with one side of the square formed by a green tent in which the service was to be per-



formed. The Emperor's, placed on the side of a hill, and backed by a small low wood, commanded a view of the other six. There we were : and what a singular spectacle we had before us ! In one tent to see assembled the Emperor of Russia and three Grand Dukes ; the Emperor of Austria, the Prince Royal, and one Archduke ; the King of Prussia, and his two sons ; a multitude of other princes ; and Wellington, Schwartzenberg, Wrede, Platoff, Barclay de Tolly ; in short, with the exception of Blucher, all those who have distinguished themselves in the late war ; and from this tent to behold an immense army of conquerors, who all at the same instant fell on their knees in prayer and thanksgiving, seemed more like a tale in the Arabian Nights than an occurrence of

real life. The magnificent dresses of the priests, and the perfume of the incense were calculated to increase the illusion. The music, entirely vocal, was beautiful and solemn ; in short, it all appeared enchantment. When, at the conclusion of the service, the Sovereigns mounted their horses, and galloped amongst the troops, and the religious silence preserved before, was succeeded by the hurrahs which rent the skies, the scene, though changed, was not less beautiful.

All was movement : the squares closing and forming into lines, and marching to the camp ; the generals flying about in every direction, attended by their *aides-de-camp*, and followed by a few Cossacks ; the number and singular appearance of the equipages, altogether

formed a most curious and animated picture, and I wish I could do it justice by my description, which I fear is very bad, but as *la bonne volonté* is not what I want, I hope you will be indulgent.

As yet I have not said anything of what regards us personally, *mais chacun son tour ici bas*, so now I come to it. In my last I told you that the Emperor had sent Lady Castlereagh an order for the post-masters to give us horses, and a *billet de logement*. Without the former, I know not what we should have done, as even with it we found great difficulty in procuring horses. We started on Saturday, and slept at Meaux, to get clear of those who set off on Sunday, in the afternoon of which day we arrived at our quarters, *le Château du*

*Petit Morin*, where the Emperor had been in the morning to see that everything was well arranged for us, had himself settled the different rooms we were to have, and had even stayed till he had seen a bed moved into the one which was to be mine.

A captain's guard was stationed in the court, and presented arms whenever Lady Castlereagh went in or out, and the officers were to see that we had everything we wanted. Lady Castlereagh's saddle horses travelled with the Emperor's, but as she determined to go in a carriage to the review, and only get on our horses there, His Imperial Majesty sent a britzska with six horses, driven by his coachman, and two Cossacks, to take us; and an *aide-de-camp* to attend upon us. So, at the early hour of six, off we

set in grand style, the *aide-de-camp* at one *portière*, *le capitaine de nos gardes* at the other, and two soldiers galloping before us; the Arbuthnots, Miss Fitzclarence, Ancram, and Seymour Bathurst, who belonged to our party, following in their carriage. In the evening, after dinner, we went to the camp, Lady Castlereagh in the carriage with the Arbuthnots; and Miss Fitzclarence, Ancram and I on horseback. And I flatter myself we made a fine effect scampering over the plain, *toujours accompagnés* by our two officers and two soldiers. The evening was set in before we left the camp, the moon shone beautifully, and the scene was exceedingly picturesque; there were but few tents, but the soldiers had made themselves huts of straw, and as they

stood round their fires in loose coats or cloaks thrown about them, they brought to one's mind Scott's description of Roderick Dhu and his followers: with them, however, the likeness ceased, for nothing can less resemble the beautiful country he describes than that around Vertus, which is dreary and ugly in the extreme; scarcely a bush or a blade of grass to be seen. On Tuesday, having taken an early dinner after the Te Deum, we took leave of our host and hostess (who I should think must have been most happy to get rid of us), and set off on our return hither, taking a different road to escape the difficulty of getting horses on the other, and also to see more of the country. We were glad we had made this determination, as besides passing through a much prettier

country, the road was interesting, from being that taken last year by the Allies, the traces of whose march are still most visible ; not a village that has not suffered ; at Mery little is left besides stacks of chimneys. From the bridge the ruins were so picturesque that I could not resist making a little sketch of them. The inn of the small village where we slept had been nearly destroyed, and the inhabitants reduced to the greatest poverty.

On our return here we were happy to find Lord Castlereagh so much better that he could walk on crutches : he had been out for an airing in the morning. He continues to mend, and to-day walks with the assistance of a stick. I send you a little sketch of the Mont Aimé, with the position of the troops, and also

EMPERORS.



COSSACKS KEEPING  
THE GROUND



HUSSARS.



HUSSARS.



HUSSARS.



HOULANS.



HOULANS.



HOULANS.



DRACOONS.



RESERVE.



RESERVE.



RESERVE.



CUIRASSIERS.



one of the general appearance of the squares at the Te Deum.

\* \* \* \* \*

Yours affectionately, &c.,

E. S. E.

\* \* \* \* \*

In the course of the following weeks, there were various reviews of the English army in the plains of St. Denis, or Grenelles (I forget which), and we went to them on horseback. They were more than usually interesting, for, unlike the generality of reviews, they did not consist merely of a succession of evolutions, but they represented different battles that had been fought in the Peninsula. On one occasion there was the battle of Salamanca, on another the retreat from Burgos, and all this was done without any preconcerted arrange-

ment, for, when the troops came on the ground, they did not know what was to be the plan of operations. The precision and quickness with which the orders were carried out were admirable, and called forth the surprise and unequivocal approbation of the Sovereigns and Generals present. It should be recollected also, that these troops were not composed principally of the old Peninsula men, a great portion of whom had been sent from the south of France after the battle of Toulouse to join the army then fighting in America, but the numbers had been made up by second battalions, and regiments despatched in haste from England. My brother Ernest was in the 1st or Grenadier Guards (so named subsequently to the battle of Waterloo), and his first battle

was that of Quatre Bras, where he was hit by a spent ball, and being in consequence unable to join his regiment, he was appointed to the escort of the wounded sent to Brussels; a dreadful service, the horrors of which, from the groans and screams of the dying and wounded, as they were jolted in rough carts, over a rough road, he never forgot.

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Before quitting the subject of armies and reviews, I may as well say that the Archduke I mentioned, as being in the Emperor of Russia's tent at the Te Deum at Vertus was the Archduke John, with whom I became acquainted at Paris, and who, accompanied by his brother the Archduke Louis, afterwards honoured my father and myself by a

visit at Mount Edgcumbe. The latter was shy and reserved, while on the contrary the Archduke John was one of the most pleasing persons I ever met. What his age was then, I do not know, and I should think he looked older than he was, for his head was nearly bald, and his face thin and pale, but the expression of his countenance was kind and interesting to a great degree. Some years later he made a romanticmorganatic marriage with a person much beneath him in birth and position, but I understand it has proved a happy one.

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For some time there had been rumours that the Allies intended to insist upon the restitution by the French of all the spoils in works of art that Bonaparte had carried off during the

late wars from Italy, the Netherlands, Prussia, &c. The Prussians first put in their claims, then the King of the Netherlands advanced those of the Belgians for the fine pictures taken from their churches, and the Austrians claimed the famous Corinthian horses for Venice.

The sculptor Canova arrived from Rome with a list, to identify, on behalf of the Pope and other princes of Italy, the priceless gems in paintings and marbles that had been so ruthlessly plundered from them. In Canova they had a most zealous and persevering advocate. He used to come frequently in the evening to Lady Castlereagh's parties, where I observed him speaking earnestly with those he thought might influence the decision; and then he

would come to me, and unburthen his mind of all his hopes and fears. And when at length the fiat went forth, and the despoiled countries were to have their own again, his happiness was overflowing, his dark Italian eyes and expressive face were lighted up with enthusiasm, and he wept from emotion.

This just decision of the Allies was a severe blow to the pride and vanity of the French (or perhaps, more correctly speaking, of the Parisians), but they needed it; they needed this 'great moral lesson,' as the Duke of Wellington called it. The events of 1814 had taught them nothing, and those of 1815, and the second invasion, and possession of their capital by foreign armies, would probably have passed from their memories in a few years, had not the

bare walls of the picture gallery and the empty statue galleries of the Louvre impressed upon their eyes and minds the fact that Europe had at last roused itself, that their day of spoliation and attempt at universal dominion was over, and that they were no longer conquerors, but conquered.

While the preparations for restitution were going on, we went frequently to the Louvre to see the glorious paintings and statues before they gradually disappeared. And a curious sight it was, workmen busily employed in taking the pictures down and putting them in packing cases, and a number of the English Guards placed at short intervals the whole length of the gallery, to see that they were not damaged either from carelessness or spite.

Many French came while this was going on. They appeared to be principally of the middle and lower classes: some looking sad and crest-fallen, and others furious, and muttering curses not loud but deep. I fancied, from the greater number roaming in the statue galleries, and the sterner expression of their countenances, that they felt more the removal of the statues, than that of the pictures. But under almost any circumstances French self-sufficiency is sure to appear, and I was much amused at hearing one individual comfort himself by saying, '*Ah, nous ferons bien d'autres !*' the statues he was then looking at, as the workmen were putting them in their case, being the Apollo Belvedere, and the Venus de' Medici !

The next act of restitution, one most galling to the Parisians, was the removal from the Triumphal Car in the Place du Carrousel of the four horses claimed by the Austrians for Venice. Fears being entertained that mobs might assemble and cause some disturbance, all the entrances to the Place were kept by Austrian cuirassiers, and no carriages were admitted with the exception of those belonging to English persons.

Lady Castlereagh having sent me on a shopping expedition, I thought I would try to see what was going on, and I arrived opposite the arch at a lucky moment, and had the pleasure of seeing one of the horses in the act of being lowered by *English engineers!*

There were, I should think, several

hundred lookers-on, of the class who inhabit the Faubourg St. Antoine; and though I was in a very humble *voiture de louage*, with a *laquais de place* behind, they knew I must be an Englishwoman, and many surrounded the carriage, staring at me with most ferocious and villanous expressions of countenance, which seemed to say, 'We should like to pull you out, and tear you to pieces if we could.' I was too well guarded by the Austrians around, to have any fears; but my thoughts reverted to the blood-thirsty revolutionary mobs, of which those I then looked at seemed to be the worthy successors.

Often have I driven through excited English mobs, but they were mild and amiable in their appearance when compared with the ferocious

demeanour of these French specimens, who were apparently capable of any atrocity.

My brother Ernest was on duty that day, and was yelled at and abused as he passed along.

After these acts of political justice were completed, I thought I perceived a change of feeling towards the English, and especially towards the Duke of Wellington; which I attributed to their having possibly the credit of being the prime movers in these transactions, as their soldiers were employed to carry them out. And so a tendency to bitterness of feeling may have arisen, which had not existed before. Between the French and English it had been a fair stand-up fight of brave men against brave men, unattended by insult or

outrage on either side, and each respected the other. With the Prussians the case was very different; they had been subjected to invasion and contempt from Bonaparte (who had insulted their lovely and loved Queen) down to his officers and soldiers, who pillaged or destroyed everything that fell into their hands. For this long score of injuries the Prussians panted for vengeance—and who can wonder at it? On their entering Paris, in 1814, it is well known there was some difficulty in restraining them from destroying several monuments of art that recalled the memories of the French triumphs over them. In illustration of this feeling I will mention an anecdote I heard at the time. A young Prussian officer requested to be quartered in the

house of an old gentleman and his wife, who received him very civilly, and being a kind old couple, did all in their power to make him comfortable. Some weeks passed, and when the officer was about to leave, he asked his hosts to come to his room, where, to their utter dismay, they found the tables and chairs broken, the bedding and sheets torn to shreds, in short, all the furniture entirely destroyed.

The poor old people were struck dumb at this wholesale destruction of their property; but when at last they could give utterance to their feelings, they entreated the officer to tell them what they had done to deserve such treatment. Had they been guilty of any neglect or rudeness? If they had, it was quite unintentional on their

part, for it had been their wish to do everything that would be agreeable to him.

‘No,’ was the reply; ‘it is impossible to be kinder, or more attentive, than you have shown yourselves to me. I have nothing to complain of; but I asked to be quartered in your house, that I might let you see in *one* room, what your son did to *every room* in my father’s house in Berlin.’

I do not remember the name of this officer, and I do not wish to remember it, for though the provocation was doubtless great, his manner of revenging his father’s wrongs (putting aside all higher feelings) was neither magnanimous nor gentlemanlike. It was indeed reversing the order of things, and making the good parents suffer for the

misdeeds of their lawless and ruthless son.

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Count Ferdinand Palfy took Lady Castlereagh and myself one morning to the studio of the painter David, to see his full-length portrait of Napoleon, which, since the entrance of the Allied armies, he had turned with its face to the wall, but which he turned round again for our benefit. Besides this picture, there were several others he showed to us. One of them was very curious, and very French in its conception. It represented the Lacedæmonians at the Pass of Thermopylæ, the figures being, as far as I recollect, from one foot to two feet in height. Leonidas was standing in front of his gallant band, with a splendid helmet of

chased gold and silver on his head, an equally resplendent shield on one arm, and the other holding out a sword. From his shoulders depended a short cloak of bright scarlet, embroidered all round with a honeysuckle pattern in gold. His feet were sandalled, but these were all the garments he had on. His followers were in a similar costume, which astonished our three weak prosaic minds extremely. At last, Count Palfy ventured to observe that he thought the Spartans had worn clothes, and asked David why he painted them without. 'Oh!' he replied, 'such heroes and demigods could not be put into the trammels of dress like common mortals.' On a rising ground in the distance, there was a group of little people with full grey robes covering them from their

chin to their feet, and fastened round their waists with a girdle. I was curious to know who they might be, and was told they were the Helots, who were so attired to mark their inferiority! Surely never was there such absurd sentiment, such sentiment on stilts! And as I looked at the picture, and listened to the artist's explanations, I could not help thinking, if this was the production of one of the best French painters, how little they had profited by the possession for so many years of the *chefs-d'œuvre* now taken from them.

David himself was a sight, as well as his pictures, but not a pleasing one in any way. Unlike the smoothness and high finish and unmeaning faces which characterised his heroes, his face was remarkably coarse, and the expression

of the countenance decidedly bad, fully confirming one's belief in the accounts of his conduct during the worst days of the Revolution. When I saw him, his natural ugliness was increased by a diseased upper lip, most disagreeable to look upon, and which I feared must have caused much pain.

He was soon afterwards banished from France, and went to Brussels, where he died in the year 1825.

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We had various pleasant dinners at the Duke of Wellington's, Lord Stewart's, and Count Pozzo di Borgo's, then Russian Ambassador at Paris, and who, some ten or twelve years later, became ambassador in London. The only pleasing remembrance I have of the six days passed on board the 'Erebus' is,

that I there made the acquaintance of this most agreeable and remarkable man. His appearance was striking; he had a fine military-looking figure, with a grand and intellectual forehead and brows, and cheery, pleasant manners. A Corsican by birth, he was in the *École Militaire* at Paris with the other young Corsican, Bonaparte! There they quarrelled, and a good lasting hatred sprang up between them, which continued all their lives.

In process of time Pozzo di Borgo entered the Russian service, and was despatched by the Emperor Alexander to London, to persuade the Government to send Lord Castlereagh, or some other minister, to join the deliberations of the Sovereigns and their ministers, respecting their entering into negotiations with Bonaparte. In 1815 he inhabited a very

pretty hotel on the other side of the Boulevards, and the *gastronomes* said he had one of the four good cooks in Paris, the other three being in the establishments of Louis XVIII., the Prince Talleyrand, and *Robert le Restaurateur*.

Thus days and weeks passed away very pleasantly, but without the occurrence of any event that called for particular notice, till at length in the beginning of November the day came when Marshal Ney\* was to be brought

\* I had been led to believe that when Ney made his protestations of devotion to Louis XVIII., and went to take the command of the army against Bonaparte, he meant what he said; but that he was weak, that the sight of his old commander brought back his old attachment, and acting upon impulse he broke his vows. But I have lately heard, from good authority, that his conduct was premeditated, for he actually took with him the imperial field-marshal's uniform, and the

up for trial before a court-martial. Against the competency of this court to try him, he appealed, and as it was known that the arguments of counsel on this legal point would occupy the attention of the court the whole day, and that the case of life or death would not be involved in the discussion, I was glad to accompany Lady Castlereagh to see this singular and interesting scene.

Seated on chairs, placed in a semi-circle on a raised platform, were the marshals and generals. The president was Marshal Jourdan, whose bâton had been taken at the battle of Vittoria, and sent to England. On his right sat Massena, a spare, dark, ill-looking man with decorations of the Legion of Honour, all of which had been abolished and proscribed. And so vanishes the sentimental excuse for which I would fain have given him credit.

with only one eye, the other having been shot by Bonaparte in a chasse. Besides these were Marshals Augereau Duc de Castiglione, and Mortier Duc de Treviso, Generals Comte Villette, Claparede, and Maison, Governor of Paris—all names well known in Bonaparte's triumphant campaigns, and some of them as having opposed ineffectually, year after year, the progress of the English army in the Peninsula.

With the exception of Mortier, they were certainly not a prepossessing set. When Ney, their former comrade, entered the court, and was placed before them, their countenances were pitiable to behold ; they cast down their eyes, as if wanting the courage to look him in the face. Ney's manner was what it ought to be, calm and simple, which gave him

an unusual air of dignity. He was a strongly-built man, above the middle height, fair complexioned, with yellow hair and eyebrows, short nose, and long upper lip ; nothing distinguished, or even French, about him. In fact, he had much the look of an English yeoman. With him, as well as with Mortier, I had become slightly acquainted in the previous year, when they had both dined at Lord Castlereagh's ; and Lady Castlereagh had been deputed by the Napier family to express their thanks and gratitude to Marshal Ney, for his great kindness to Sir Charles Napier, who had been left for dead on the field of Corunna, had fallen into the hands of the French, and was especially under the care of Marshal Ney, whose treatment of him was most humane and generous.

I could not, therefore, feel otherwise than sad at seeing this man who had been so kind, this man with such an honest-looking countenance, this '*brave des braves*,' standing there before us as a traitor, and ere long to meet (and justly, too) a traitor's doom. Bonaparte I think it was who said, '*du sublime au ridicule il n'y a qu'un pas*,' and this was the case on this occasion. The court was crowded, and a feeling of solemnity and decorum generally prevailed, but just behind me was a man evidently an ardent admirer, or possibly a relation or friend of Marshal Ney, who, immediately upon the Marshal's entering, began jumping about in the most annoying and absurd manner, sobbing, and exclaiming '*Ah, ce pauvre maréchal, ce cher maréchal!*' much to

the disturbance of those around him : and I wondered that the officers of the court did not stop his noise and antics ; but still more did I wonder, that a man who had so little command over his feelings did not stay at home, instead of coming to display them thus publicly. No Englishman would, I am sure, have so acted, however deep or intense his grief might have been.

*November 10.*—The court declared itself incompetent to try Marshal Ney, who was afterwards tried by the *Chambre des Pairs*, and condemned after we had left Paris.

\* \* \* \* \*

On November 20, the Peace between the Allied Powers was signed, and we prepared for our departure from Paris.

We dined the last day of our stay with Lord and Lady Combermere, and I sat by Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg. In the evening Lady Frances Cole took me for a short time to a ball given by General Sir Edward Barnes, and a melancholy ball I thought it, for there were a succession of leave-takings with friends and acquaintances, both English and foreign, with whom I had been living in pleasant intercourse for the last few months; and again I felt, with Madame de Staël, '*que c'est un triste plaisir que celui de voyager*:' yet it was at the same time gratifying to be surrounded by persons all expressing their regrets and good wishes. The next morning we started on our journey homewards. Lord and Lady Castle-reagh travelled together in the chariot,

and I went in the coach with Lord Clive and Lady Castlereagh's maid. We slept that night at Montreuil (I think), and the next morning a different arrangement was made, which, though not quite *selon les règles*, was very pleasant. Ancram and Sir Henry Hardinge having overtaken us, they came into the coach with Lord Clive and me, and the maid was turned out into another carriage to make room for them. This day's journey was indeed a most agreeable one. We were all gay, good-humoured and conversable; and Sir Henry Hardinge gave us very interesting accounts of the harassing and disastrous retreat of our army, ending with the glorious battle of Corunna and the death of Sir John Moore, who expired, if I remember correctly, in Sir Henry's

arms. We had a good passage; on landing, Lord Castlereagh went to Lord Liverpool, at Walmer Castle, for one night; the rest proceeded together to London, and I accompanied Lady Castlereagh to St. James's Square, where I remained some days.

Lord and Lady Castlereagh received a command to the Pavilion from the Prince Regent, who was so gracious as to include me in the invitation; but as my father was expecting me at Mount Edgcumbe, Lady Castlereagh made my respectful excuses to His Royal Highness.

1867

With this second Peace, and this second return home, I had intended to bring my *Reminiscences* to a close,

though there was much I could tell of people and events that passed before me while living with my father, as well as during my married and court life ; but besides the fear of being called a garrulous old woman, I thought that as the events became more recent, they would lose their interest from being more generally known ; and what weighed most with me, was the fear that various little anecdotes I could relate, though amusing, might perhaps wound the feelings of many still living. A suggestion, however, has just been made to me, and a wish expressed, that I should subjoin some little traits of Lord Castlereagh in his domestic life. His character as a statesman has now risen to that eminence which party spirit, malignity, and envy, denied it for

many years, and history and posterity will do him justice.

But of his home life, not much seems to be known ; and those who had the happiness of being admitted into his intimacy, are gradually passing away, and few are now left to speak of it. I am one of those few : and if, by recalling some of the memories of former days, I can remove one prejudice against him, or excite one feeling of kindly admiration, it will be a source of unspeakable gratification to me.

The calm dignity of his manner gave an impression that he was cold ; but no one who had seen his kindly smile, or been greeted by his two hands stretched out in welcome, could have thought him so. To all those connected with him, he was most affectionate. When his

sister-in-law, Lady Catherine Stewart, was taken ill during the absence of his brother Charles with the army, he attended upon her constantly, gave her with his own hands her medicines, and was with her when she died.

He liked the society of young people, and far from checking their mirth and their nonsense, he enjoyed and encouraged it, with his own fun and cheerfulness. His tastes were simple: he loved the country and a country life, and it was delightful to see his look of quiet happiness while taking a saunter after an early dinner, in his pretty grounds at Cray, and finishing with an evening ride or drive, often prolonged until after dark. On his return home he would sit down and write at the same table, round which we all sat. If an air were played

that pleased him, he would go to the pianoforte and sing it; if a waltz, he would say, 'Emma, let us take a turn,' and after waltzing for a few minutes, he would resume his writing. His power of abstraction was indeed remarkable; our talking and laughter did not disturb him; once only do I recollect that he rose from his chair laughing, and saying, 'You are too much for me to-night,' carried off his papers to what was called his own room, but in which he rarely if ever sat, always preferring the general drawing-room.

The next morning at breakfast, he good-humouredly observed, 'You fairly beat me last night. I was writing what I may call the metaphysics of politics.'

The word 'fear' was not in his vocabulary. This is well known; but I

cannot resist relating an instance or two of his coolness which recurs now to my memory. One night, when an excited mob attacked his house, paving stones were breaking his windows, and dashing across the drawing-room to the imminent risk of the destruction of the furniture, he quietly mixed with the crowd, till a person whispered, 'You are known, and had better go in.' He did so, and then went to the drawing-room ; where, with the utmost composure, he closed the shutters of the four windows, a shower of stones falling around him. When I called the day after to hear what had happened, I found him on the point of walking out, and as I knew he would have to encounter the mob where he was going, I persuaded him to let me take him in the carriage, and set him

down. While moving at a foot's pace through the crowd, he would keep his face at the window, and I feared he might have a stone thrown at him. I suggested this, but to no purpose, so at last I said, 'Pray do not let your nose be seen, for it may be recognised, and my father would not like to have the panel of his carriage broken.' This made him laugh, and he turned his head, and talked with me, thus putting his face and my father's carriage out of jeopardy.

My father and I met him one evening at dinner at Count Lieven's, and he recounted in the most graphic and amusing manner his adventures on the previous day at the hustings at Covent Garden, where he went to vote for Sir Murray Maxwell, the Tory candidate,

who contested the election with 'Orator' Hunt.

He had received a letter in the morning from Sir Murray's committee, stating how important it was that some one of note should appear to support him. Lord Castlereagh instantly determined to go himself, and started off on foot, accompanied only by Lord Clanwilliam, his private secretary.

When he took off his hat at the hustings to make his affidavit as to his right of voting, his powdered head marked him to be a gentleman, so the great unwashed began yelling, and when 'Orator' Hunt said, 'Allow me to present to you Viscount Castlereagh,' the yelling became ferocious, increasing as he turned to leave the hustings, numbers surrounding and hustling him

and Lord Clanwilliam as they went along. In this manner they proceeded till they reached St. Martin's Lane, and as the crowd appeared to become more threatening in its aspect, they thought it better to go into a shop, supposing that their attendants would then disperse: but this hope was vain; and they were prisoners.

To make the matter worse, there was no back exit to the shop, and the people in it were either frightened or not friendly.

At last it was decided that the door should be opened sufficiently for Lord Clanwilliam to creep out on all fours, glide between the legs of the besiegers, and go to Bow Street to obtain the aid of some constables. This he gallantly did, and after sundry kicks and buffetings, he cleared the crowd, and shortly

fell in with a party of twenty constables in search of Lord Castlereagh, who it was rumoured had been attacked by the rabble. Attended by this reinforcement, Lord Clanwilliam instantly returned to the shop, and Lord Castlereagh was released, and proceeded on his walk, still followed by the mob. But where was this walk to terminate? Thus accompanied, it would not do to go to his own house; so on he went to Whitehall, and when he came to the Admiralty, he thought he would stop there, as it was 'the popular service.' Accordingly he entered the gate, the constables forming in line across it to keep out the mob, to whom he turned, and taking off his hat, bowed, and smiling, said, 'Gentlemen, I thank you for your escort.' He then went through the Admiralty, and with

Lord Clanwilliam, walked across the park to St. James' Square. To this manly and gracious bearing, which called forth the admiration even of those opposed to him, and to the kindness, consideration, and delightful social qualities, that lent an indescribable charm to his intercourse with his friends, was added the sweetest and most perfect temper, which won the love of all around him.

On the sad day following that of his death, one of his servants was asked whether he had remarked any change in him; the answer was 'Yes;' and being further asked to state the nature of the change, he replied, 'One day he spoke sharply to me!'

Need I say more? No. Here, with this touching testimony, I will stop. A

mournful conclusion it may seem, but it is well that my last Reminiscence should be of him who, by his affectionate kindness, enabled me to see and hear all that can give interest to these few pages, which I now with much diffidence submit to the public as the first and last work of a Septuagenarian.



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